

THE OCCIDENT.

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WHOLE No. 1081.

LULLABY.

Slumber sweet, noddlekins,
Nurse is full of prickly pins,
Mamma's full of kisses sweet
For dimpled hands and rosy feet.

Slumber comes—close your eyes,
Angels watch you from the skies.
Little dreams come drifting down
To veil those roguish eyes of brown.

Nestling close on mamma's arm
You are safe from every harm.
Close I clasp you—all my joy
Centers in you, darling boy.

Now your eyelids' fringes meet,
Kissed by slumbers soft and sweet.
Who can wonder angels keep
Tender watch when babies sleep;

For I'm sure no lovelier sight
Ever graces realms of light.
They are golden links of love
Binding earth to heaven above.

Sleep, my baby, sleep, and rest,
Nestled close on mother's breast;
Harm can never reach you here,
God and mother guard you, dear.

—E. F. W.

LETTER FROM MR. MINTON.

GRAND NEW HOTEL.
CAIRO, January 26, 1889.

MY DEAR DOCTOR: When we wrote to you last we were in an uncertain frame of mind as to what would become of us at Suez. We reached there Monday morning and threw out anchor in the harbor at the head of the gulf. The first word that came to the ship was that no passengers would be allowed to disembark anywhere in Egypt. This of course was manifestly absurd; but to those who knew most about Egyptian quarantine regulations that very absurdity seemed a strong presumptive evidence that the order was authentic. However, a brighter view was vindicated by and by, and the final order was that the Egypt-bound passengers must land there and go into quarantine for one day at the "Wells of Moses." That was much more satisfactory, and so, after the steward of the Clyde had given us enough provisions for one day, we put off under sail for that ancient spot. If you will look carefully at your Bible map of Egypt and Palestine you will find on the east side of the Gulf of Suez the words "Ayin Musa," or Wells of Moses, where they say Moses smote the rock, but any one who is familiar with the record knows that the place lays further down. But there is a well, or rather are wells, in an oasis in the desert, near which we were in quarantine exile for a day; and what with the historic association of the place, I did not greatly regret the picnic, even though it were enforced.

In the party were a family from Australia—father, mother, son, daughter and, according to my diagnosis, a prospective daughter-in-law—five in all—a retired English General, who had been honored by the Queen with "C. B." on his portmanteau, which, he explained to me, meant "Companion of the Bath," and is a degree of merit for brave deeds in the Afghan war (there is some sense in that kind of honor), a young P. and O. agent and two American gentlemen—a very jolly set, who were resolved to make the best of it and who succeeded right well.

It was not unpleasant to spend a day within sight of the very spot where the children of Israel "passed through the Red Sea as by dry land, which the Egyptians assaying to do were drowned." I know that there are a few who fix the scene of the miracle above Suez, but not to say that the narrator did not know the difference between the Bitter Lake and the Red Sea, and without going into critical discussion, there is not in my mind the shadow of a doubt that I was spending the day on the very ground they occupied when in the joy of their deliverance they sung the songs of Moses and of Miriam, as we have them in English in the fifteenth chapter of Exodus.

The tall, gray ridge of mountain coming down to

the very brink of the gulf on the west side makes it almost certain that Pharaoh's hosts started in farther up and that leaves but a small distance for the pursuit to have taken place. So my mind was crowded with thoughts all that live-long day. I could almost see the terrified fugitives as they passed into the avenue walled with waters. I could hear the shouts of the leaders as in haste they lead the multitude along. I could imagine the confusion of that great throng (600,000 men, beside women and children) as they hurried in their flight from the land of their bondage.

I looked across the bay and in the purple mist that seems to characterize the landscape of Egypt and Arabia, I saw the haughty monarch whose heart again was hardened, coming down to the very edge of the waters and ordering his charoteers to speed along and overtake the fugitive slaves. On he came, down into the dry bed of the sea, in hot haste they drove, but alas the hand of God was lifted against the oppressive king, and the waters joined their floods and Egypt's king is drowned. Then the exultant multitude shouted the shout of victory, and from the foot of the clayey mountains back from the sea, and from the sands of the very desert, where even now I found myself looking from the very footsteps of the jostling throng, and the very edge of the closing waters where the rear guard had stood on duty, I seemed to hear the grand oratories of triumph swelling with 10,000 voices, filling the very air with their joyous noise, "I will sing unto the Lord, for He hath triumphed gloriously; the horse and his rider hath He thrown into the sea."

From the well of Moses one has a good view of the course the Jews took when they started down southward in the wilderness of Sin along the coast of the peninsula of Sinai, and though it is hardly probable that we saw Sinai itself, it is certain that from the steamer the evening before and then also we were looking upon the range of Horeb mountain, which with all their gray barrenness may yet, when linked in history with the flocks of Jethro, the burning bush, the pillar by day of cloud and by night of fire, the daily showers of manna, the thunderings of the approachable mount, and the tables of the law that God gave to Moses, these will be regarded as the most historic group of mountains the foot of man has ever trod.

The next morning the sky was grizzly and the sea was mad, and we had no way of reaching Suez but by sail-boat, and so we went. It was a foolhardy thing to do. I have a pious prejudice against a sailboat, especially on a strange sea, but the crowd voted "go" and we went. The event was memorable. We dipped spray until we were soaked. The ladies were frightened and the men were in the same boat. The people of Suez were watching us with their glasses, for it was so rough that the P. & O. launch which had promised to come for us could not do so, and the result was that we were all devoutly thankful that we were not drowned on the very spot where the Red Sea closed in upon Pharaoh 3380 years ago.

We reached Cairo that evening, and the next morning found a batch of mail awaiting us. I was glad to find some San Jose papers and clippings sent from Utica, New York.

And so here we are in the land of Pharaoh. A strange place it is. I thought Bombay streets had a wonderful variety of nationalities, but Cairo beats Bombay. It seems like a perpetual picnic, and the crowd makes me think of Jerusalem on the day of Pentecost when they were gathered there from every nation under heaven.

It is plain that we are coming up toward civilization again. There are a great many tourists here, and a large number of Americans among them. Mr. David Dudley Field is just across the hall from me, and all parts of America seem to be represented. The climate is quite cool, but is still delightful. We have seen something of the city, but it seems like a maze that one would never straighten out. The native Egyptian is in the minority in his own land. Here on the streets in the strange moving scenes one sees

the hard faced Arab with his turban, the Turk with his neat fez, the Greek with his handsome face, the Italian with his soft skin, the Frenchman with his polite air, the Syrian dragoman with his oily schemes, the Ethiopian with his complexion of tar, and all these with innumerable dogs and donkeys and ponies and camels jostling each other in the crowded, narrow streets, make a spectacle so wierd and fascinating that I never tire of simply looking on. Nor is this heterogeneous population without its lesson to the thoughtful mind.

Egypt was the earliest civilization of history. Her ruins to-day are but hints of a departed grandeur whose tale is lost in the silence of the past. But the greatness of the valley of the Nile was of a transient sort. The heel of destiny has long since been fixed upon the neck of Mizraim, and while history records that not for 3500 years has Egypt been ruled by the Egyptians, and while it has been the fighting ground for Carthaginians, Persians, Greeks, Romans, Arabians, Turks, French, and lastly English, I turn to my Bible and there I find these words of prophesy (Ezekiel xxix: 15) "It shall be the basest of the kingdoms; neither shall it exalt itself anymore above the nations; for I will diminish them, that they shall no more rule over the nations." Thus did the dominion of the past vanish at the breath of an offended God.

It is exceedingly interesting to spend a fortnight here. I have climbed old Cheops and looked down with Napoleon's forty centuries. I may tell you of the pyramids again. Our plans for the future are not yet defined. We want to go up the Nile, but we are beginning to realize that we can't go everywhere, and we are determined to spend a month in Palestine, entering at Jaffa, going to Jerusalem, Nazareth, Damascus, Baalbac, and emerging at Beirut. Then we want to go to Athens and Smyrna, to Constantinople; thence up the Danube to Vienna and then down through Italy—but we can't tell certainly. Mr. Alvord will tell you that I am for pushing on because I do not want to be too late getting back to my work, for I have it not in my heart to abuse your forbearance, but he says that you would all tell me to take a little more time if need be to do it right, now that I am here—rather than to spoil the trip by hurrying homeward too fast.

I have enough confidence in your kindness to believe that he is right, but I assure you that I do not want to squander an hour. May the blessings of God still abide upon you, every one, is my prayer.

Very truly yours,
H. C. MINTON.

HER SAMUEL.

CHAPTER XI.

The society in my Western home was widely different from that of the sunny South, and yet had its attractions. We would get up sleighing parties of a hundred or more and go out to some town ten of twelve miles away, dance a few hours, have supper, dance again until near morning and then go home. There were of course all sorts of people in these parties, but I wanted to get acquainted with everybody. I went to the sleigh rides not only for the fun, but as a matter of policy.

In the midst of this exciting winter came sad news from home. My mother was very sick. I was sorry of course, but did not realize the fact, when a thousand miles away, as I would if I had seen her fading and suffering. I thought she would rally when spring came, as she was only in middle life. But in a few days, I received a letter with a black seal. My good, patient, loving mother was dead. She left for me such messages as such a mother could not fail to leave, and a Bible which she wanted me to keep ever and to read often for her sake. Oh, how dark the world seemed for a few days! Oh, how sadly I recalled the past! Oh, how bitterly I wept! But my sorrow was not godly. It did not lead to true repentance. Soon I began to reason in this way—My mother has surely gone to heaven, if there is any heaven. If she

is conscious still she is perfectly happy. All her troubles are over. Why should I grieve for her? And as for myself I am young and full of life. I will enjoy myself for a few years and then I will settle down and attend to the interests of the soul. So, after shutting myself up in my office for a few evenings and trying to read my Bible as a matter of form and filial duty, I drifted out again into that current of worldly pleasure which flowed dangerously near to the whirlpool of dissipation. Several of my companions, bright, genial young fellows, were already regarded as "fast," and the wonder is I did not fall into habits that would have bound me in fetters of adamant. Some good influence seemed to keep me from going too far. I thought it was self-respect and a regard for my worldly prospects; but I now see that it was the Spirit of God. Often in quiet hours would thoughts and memories rush over my soul until the tears would start. Once I remember, I was in a crowded ball room. The party was one of the gayest of the season. Suddenly the music seemed to grate upon my ears; the smile of my beautiful partner had a sickly and sardonic look. I was inexpressibly wretched, yet could not tell why. Excusing myself as well as I could, I rushed out into the cold night air. I almost ran down the silent streets until I had left the sound of revelry behind me. Then I knelt down in a snow bank and wept and prayed. "Oh, why was I so wretched? Why could I not enjoy myself as the other triflers seemed to? Why was I endowed with a nature so morbidly sensitive? Oh, God have mercy upon me! I cannot endure this struggle of two warning spirits in my heart."

But the paroxysm, as I called it, passed. I rallied my pride, and went back and made a night of it with the rest. It has been to me the wonder of wonders that the Spirit did not leave me then. There must have been the fresh waving of a censer before the throne filled with a mother's prayers that kept God from giving me up to hardness of heart. And there were others too, as I learned afterwards, who were praying for me. I was girded by influence that I could resist for the time, yet could not wholly escape. The crisis was near. It came as many crises do, suddenly, like an earthquake, or like a flash of lightning from a cloudless sky. I will tell how it came in the next chapter.

MOODY'S BIBLE READINGS.

NO. XIII.

1 CORINTHIANS, 15 CHAPTER.

This chapter may well be named the Grace Chapter.

Rom. 8th chapter teaches us how to stand in Christ; 1 Cor. 13th chapter, how to live like Christ; 1 Cor. 15th chapter, tells me the end of the followers of Christ.

Verses 1 to 4. Paul in these verses shows what he has done and what his work has been, by what way Christians are saved and by whom. He speaks about what Christ died for and refers to the Scriptures, and then of his burial and resurrection, appealing again to the Scripture to bear him out in what he says about Christ.

Verse 5. Paul now commences to bring in the witnesses.

Verses 6, 7, 8. The first witness he brings in is Peter, then the eleven apostles, then five hundred, then James, and last of all himself. The apostles were witnesses of the resurrection, Acts 2:25-31. All the apostles were eye-witnesses of the fact of the resurrection. Paul not only speaks of Peter, of the twelve, of James, but of the five hundred, who had seen the death and resurrection of Jesus Christ. Their testimony is true, it is not false.

Let us now call on some other witnesses of those who did not believe in Him. Read what the chief priests said and did. Matt. 28:11-15.

Now, if Christ's resurrection was untrue, it could have been disputed and denied at that time, for under the Roman rule, it was death to break the Roman seal; that when once the seal of the Roman emperor, of Cæsar, was put on anything, it could not be opened except by the order from whom it had been sealed. And were the resurrection of Christ untrue, the Roman guard, that were stationed around the tomb of our Savior, would have been put to death, for, again, it was death to be found asleep while on duty. But for eighteen centuries the battle has been

raging around Christ's sepulchre, and still there are many who believe that Christ's body was stolen and hidden away by his disciples, Matt. 28:13:15. On this fact, that is, Christ's resurrection, the gospel relies.

Verses 12, 13, 14, 15, 16. This doctrine is the foundation of all churches to this day; it is the foundation of our faith, that Christ did rise from the dead. Paul preached Christ's resurrection; this touches even the veracity of Christ himself, John 10:17, 18, also of Peter, James, John, and all the apostles, who testified of the resurrection of Christ.

Verses 17, 18. There is nothing more cruel and revolting than the thought that those whom we have laid away in the grave, shall not be raised up again. The dead shall rise and "hath become the first fruits." Now, if Christ has not risen from the dead, then those who have died in Christ have perished and their faith is in vain; but it is not so; the dead will rise.

Verses 35 to 44. From these verses the greatest comfort can be derived. It is to me the most comforting thought in the whole Bible, that what we have laid away of our loved ones will be raised up again; we have laid away in the grave a natural body that has been subject to ills and pains, and it will rise up a spiritual body with freedom from all ills and pains, and will be with Him, and we shall all be re-united.

Mr. Moody used for an illustration, the silkworm weaving its own shroud, making its cocoon, and then dying, turning into a chrysalis, in time to rise a new creature, a moth, a butterfly.

Yet people say that it is incredible, that the body will be raised again as a spiritual body.

SEE THE CONTRAST.

The Natural Body.	The Spiritual Body.
Sown in corruption,	Raised in incorruption,
Sown in dishonor,	Raised in glory,
Sown in weakness,	Raised in power,
Sown a natural body.	Raised a spiritual body.

Thank God for these promises and hopes, so that when the last offices are performed over the remains of our loved ones, and by our friends they are carried out, for they cannot walk, but when they are raised, then are they strong and can walk by themselves. So will it be with us all.

Paul calls it "sowing," not as we do, "burying." This is the teachings of the church, for we all must die, but we shall all be raised up and have a body like to Christ, for we shall be like Him, 1 John 3:2. We shall have glorified bodies, spiritual bodies, and we shall see Him face to face and shall be with Him, 1 Cor. 13:12.

Thank God the hour is coming soon when we shall see our loved ones again, and shall know them. The dead shall rise; there is no power on earth, or in hell that can keep them in the grave.

Verse 50. This verse contains the secret of this chapter. When Christ comes again, those who are living shall not die; some of us shall be on the earth when He comes again and then shall we, who are here, be changed from corruption to incorruption, from natural bodies to spiritual bodies.

Verse 55. Paul heard a voice coming down from the cross, from Calvary, saying, "O! Death where is thy sting?" and an answer came back, "no sting can harm us, for we are buried in the bosom of Christ." "O! Grave, where is thy victory?" answered by a voice from the tomb, "Because I live ye shall live also; I am He that was dead, but am now alive." Why should we go on our way mourning for our friends that have passed on before us, for they are safe at home with Christ.

NO. XIV.

THE SECOND COMING OF CHRIST, 1 COR. 15:49-55.

There are two classes of views with regard to the second coming of Christ.

1. That Christ is to return in person, and set up His kingdom on the earth, and thus usher in the millenium.

2. That the world is going to get better and better, until at last it draws Christ down.

These are distinguished as pre-millennial and post-millennial. Scripture is very full of this subject, and all Scripture is given by inspiration from God, is profitable for doctrine, for reproof, for conviction, for instruction, in righteousness. This subject must be regarded as very important. I am amongst those who

think He will come before that time. I think the Scriptures point clearly to His second coming, as all Scripture was fulfilled in his first coming. He had been prophesied about by many holy men—many hundred years—all were literally fulfilled, so think the accounts of His second coming will undoubtedly be also fulfilled. 1 Cor. 15:51-50; John 14:27.

In the 260 chapters of the New Testament there are three hundred and eighteen passages that refer to the return of the Lord Jesus Christ, Paul evidently expected the second coming of Christ, as did the Thessalonians, for Paul's very first epistle was that to the Thessalonians, who were daily expecting his second coming to them, to comfort them. Paul writes telling them not to be afraid, but be ready.

Paul speaks of the second coming of Christ fully in the resurrection chapter, 1 Cor. 15:51-55. Christ Himself says plainly, "I will come again," Matt. 24:35-44; Matt. 25:13; Mark 13:32-37; Luke 21:28-28, clearly showing that our business is to be ready. Matt. 23:27 shows the suddenness of His coming, and indeed the whole chapter explains that. Matt. 24:40-41, so I believe it will be. We have the same authority for our Lord's coming, as for His resurrection. Dan. 9:25-27; Matt. 1:20; Is. 7:14; Luke 2:11; Luke 14:6; Acts 1:10-11.

Paul did not write a letter without bringing in this subject. John refers to it in his epistles, and very fully in Revelations. Peter speaks of it in both epistles. James writes of it in his epistle, but while the event is abundantly clear the time is unknown, Matt. 24:36-39, 44; Matt. 25:13-31.

The teaching of Christ on this subject is never connected with death. He always spoke of death as "going to the Father," as "sleep," etc. 1 Thess. 4:14; Matt. 13:33; Luke 21:33. Christ always connected His second coming with "Watch," Matt. 13:37, and to look for the Lord Himself, 1 Thess. 1:10; Phil. 3:20, "caught up to meet Him," 1 Thess. 4:16-17, "two women," "two men in the field," Matt. 24:40, 41, 42, the Lord knows where His children are, Titus 2:13; 1 Thess. 1:10, waiting and watching, Mark 13:32-37; Luke 21:36. The proper attitude of every true Christian on the face of the earth, is to be waiting for his Lord. This hope should be the incentive to work, Luke 19:13; Matt. 25:14-20. Some may ask, Is the work of christianizing the world a failure? I say "no," good work is being done, and has been done, the Gospel is not a failure, but man has failed to lay hold of God's grace. Our duty is to prepare to meet Him and prepare others for the purpose of bringing them into His light. God puts a life boat (the Gospel) into my hands and says: "Get all off the old wreck (earth), that you can." Men are saying, the world will grow better and better, 2 Pet. 3:3. The Spirit of God says it will grow worse and worse, 2 Tim. 3:1-7; Matt. 24:37-46. And truly these are perilous times; men denying even the very existence of God, much more belief on the Lord Jesus Christ.

In Matt. 25 chapter, Christ's last sermon was about his return. Matt. 24:48, therefore, as Peter said, "scoffers come in these last days."

There are four great facts of cardinal importance and they are certainly true.

First. That the Son of God has come in the flesh, to seek that which was lost, and to suffer, the just for the unjust.

Second. That He arose again and has ascended on high.

Third. That He sent the Holy Ghost to carry on the work that He had commenced while here on this earth, and left when He ascended, until He shall in like manner come back again.

Fourth. That He is coming back again, and as everything came to pass about His first coming, Is. 9:1-8; 7:14; Micah 5:2-3; Matt. 1:20-23; 2:1, 5, 6, 11; Luke 1:35; Luke 2:6-20, will not His second coming be realized. "Fear not little flock," etc., Luke 13:32. Oh! the love with which He speaks of the kingdom above—many mansions—gone to get them ready for us, "If it were not so I would have told you," etc., John 14:1-4. While we know not all the details of the future, we know that the coming is a personal one, Acts 1:11; 1 Thess. 4:16. Be ready, we know certain things connected with His coming.

It is suddenly, 1 Cor. 15:62. It is to gather His people, John 14:5; 1 Thess. 4:17. For He

with Him. He knows us. Put some small steel into a barrel of saw-dust and apply a little to the surface, every piece will be drawn out, and will draw His own from the ungodly.

to perfect His people, Phil. 3: 21; 1 John 3: 2.

ord's Table looks forward to His coming, for by His death until He comes, as we commemorate His death, 1 Cor. 11: 26. My brother, do not think when you do this, what a long table is? from His death right away to His coming again.

we are to work 'till He comes, Luke 19: 13.

we are to fight 'till He comes, 1 Tim. 4: 7.

we are to endure temptation 'till He comes, 1: 12.

we are to be patient 'till He comes, James 5: 8.

when He comes we shall receive:

the crown of life, James 1: 12.

the crown of glory, 1 Peter 5: 4.

the crown of righteousness, 2 Tim. 4: 8.

the inheritance incorruptible, 1 Peter 1: 4.

do not think that "when He comes He will bring loved ones with Him and it will be a moment of reunion with them, 1 Thess. 4: 14. So shall we ever with the Lord, 1 Thess. 4: 14.

then there will be no tears, no pains, no partings, and any more, for we shall be with Him, 1 Thes. 4: 17; 16: 11; 65: 4. Through endless day, an unending bliss. When He comes it is to set up His kingdom, Zech. 9: 10.

Paul writes to comfort the Thessalonians, tells them not to be afraid, but to watch for that time, and to be daily expecting His second coming.

when we think of the glory we are to share in heaven, for Christ always spoke of it as "yours," etc. Father, your Father, heirs of God jointly with Him. The kingdom awaits us, prepared from the foundation of the world, but we are estranged through sin. Our prayer may well be "Even so come quickly, Jesus." Amen.

PRAYER.

EDITOR OCCIDENT:—Will you please allow one who has almost through the wilderness of this world, and who has seen the glory of "the bright and morning star" shining beyond the graveyard, to say a few words to many readers of your reliable paper, on the subject of prayer. While thinking of the question asked in the blessed Bible, "What is the Almighty that we should serve Him? and what profit should we have if we pray unto Him?" (Job xxi. 15) my mind flashes back over a period of nearly fifty years to a day when I was seized with violent illness.

At that time I was not in affluent circumstances, I had a family of small children to support. After suffering for several months, a number of my Christian neighbors and friends came in and held a prayer meeting. The pleadings, in which I myself joined, were humble, penitential, and filled with faith, and they restored me to health and prospered me in my life.

Shortly after the war broke out, two of my sons enlisted. One, who at that time was working about twenty miles from home, was a fearless youth of only fifteen years. I took my horse and buggy and started after him, thinking that as he was still a minor, I would have him discharged. After traveling a day and finding the roads almost impassable, I concluded to return home and trust him in the hands of a prayer-answering and merciful God, and from that time I prayed every day that their lives might be spared.

A few months before the war closed, a devout minister of the Gospel came to my house, and I requested him to pray that their lives might be preserved and that God would be very earnestly. He asked God to believe he asked in true faith, to so direct the will as to not take life. And I believe it was on that very day that my youngest son was seriously wounded. A bullet ploughed through his breast, and also passed through his arm, and a piece of an exploded shell nearly tore one of his legs from his body. That night while drenched in blood and lying in the cold he suffered very much and actually gave up to death. But the God who heard the prayers of His children designed it otherwise.

He recovered, returned home and is now a very successful man, doing business in Michigan. He has

sent me several valuable presents, among which was a large and beautiful Bible, and as my sight has nearly failed, I prize it very highly because of the clear and large print. My other son also returned safe from the war.

I am a believer in prayer, have received answers to prayers, but I seldom pray for worldly things. I fear my boys, whom God brought safely through the war, and whose lives he has preserved until the present time, are not Christians, and I now pray that their souls may be saved. I am an old man in my eighty-fourth year; have had the care of a family sixty years, and, as deacon, the care of the church forty years, and still have the opportunity of praying, and believe in prayer.

JACOB RIDEOUT.

Castle Hill, Maine, Jan. 21st, 1889.

SACRAMENTO CHINESE SCHOOL.

At a most interesting celebration of a Chinese Mission school of the Presbyterian church the following programme was well rendered:

Song—Jesus is my Savior..... School
Speech..... Gooy Sam
Recitation—23rd Psalm..... Tong
Song—Oh Brothers..... Lee Hong
Recitation—Press Onward..... Ging
Song—Jesus the Water of Life. Wing Tong, Ging Gooy
Song—Onward, Upward, Homeward..... School
Recitation..... Lulu Earl
Hymn in Chinese..... School
Recitation—Heathen Chinese..... Lee Hong
Song—Whiter than Snow..... Gooy Sam
Recitation—The Seed You Sow..... Gee Ging
Song—Oh Morning Land..... Lee Hong, Miss Melvin
Speech..... Hoy
Song—Meet There..... Lee Sing, Miss Melvin

The manner of reciting reflected much credit both on the teachers and pupils. The spirit in which the exercises were gotten up could not fail to gratify any who are interested in this great and aggressive work of reaching out helping hands for those whom God would save, even as others; and most conclusively did the exercises prove that the work to be done in order to salvation, was being accomplished. Hoy's history of the school since its organization by Dr. Loomis sixteen years ago, showed that from it two heathen Chinese had been converted and so brought forward in learning the way of salvation that they had returned to their native land and against great obstacles they had planted the Cross and taught Jesus to their perishing countrymen and won their wives and parents to accept Christ as their Savior. Suppose the sphere of work in Sacramento is small, can we be discouraged when we remember a single pebble thrown into the water making only a small circle as it is thrown, increases into ever widening circles until the remotest confines of the ocean feel the effort of its fall. So the one, two, or three Chinamen so taught in the word that they can teach others, become under the divine guidance of the Spirit, servants of Christ to thousands of their countrymen. Lee Hong's recitation of the Heathen Chinese was fitting illustration of this truth. Lulu Earl made a beautiful recital, and was, as she stood in her beauty and refinement an exponent of the possibilities of this much abused Mongolian race. After the literary programme most delectable refreshments were served in the nicest style. Chicken salad, bread and butter, tea, whose fragrance was delicious, ice cream and cakes. Miss Yeckley and Miss Wilson deserve much credit for their wise and faithful conduct of the school. The missionary, Li Kee, has rendered them good service and already by going out among his people has increased the size of the school. Since we have moved our Chinese Sabbath-school to the rooms the boys have made so attractive, the attendance upon that service has increased threefold, and has added a most interesting feature in an infant class of both boys and girl. Another highly gratifying part of the school entertainment which I would not fail to mention was a large attendance of Chinese women and children, who came by special request, under the care of the Woman's Work department of this work, and the singing of several of their little children, who have been taught to lisp the name of Jesus in song, was not only pleasing but very affecting. At the close of the evening the pastor of the Westminster church

made remarks, testifying to the evidence of faithful teaching and faithful learning as exhibited on the part of the school, and wishing them a hearty God speed in the good work.

MARY E. WHEELER.

OUR WASHINGTON LETTER.

BY REV. MAKEPIECE TRUEWORTHY, D. D.

The Rev. Sheldon Jackson, the great missionary to the Alaskans, has spent a few days in our city, talking about missionary work in Alaska. He is perhaps the best informed man on Alaska just now to be found in the United States. His talks are brim-full of information about that far off land of our Union, about which so little is known, though it is more than three times as large as New England. The natives are of low habits and primitive conditions; as much so as those of Lapland. They live in small rooms, and not unfrequently six and seven families live in one of these small rooms. A fire-place in the middle, in which cooking is in progress, the youngsters are studying their lessons for the missions the next day, and around which sit the men smoking their vile pipes. The picture is too crude to be even picturesque. Boys twelve years of age have wives. Men purchase from their parents young girls of seemly form. Witchcraft is a terror to their superstitious minds, and many a sickly child, or feeble woman is tortured and killed. There is no natural sense of elevation, it must be acquired and it is being acquired. These people have natural adaptation which is easily directed. There is a natural tact, very encouraging, when once directed into a channel of execution. The boys easily learn handicraft. Each young man of the mission upon getting married, must first construct for himself a bed-room set. The skill and finish they display are so marked that parties in this City having seen their work have expressed a desire to purchase a set for their own homes. The Presbyterian Church has some four native congregations, and they are rapidly growing by accession on confession of Christ. The Methodists and Baptists have flourishing missions, but are of more recent start.

I have been able to examine the matter, in advance, of the forthcoming report of Commissioner Carroll D. Wright of the United States Labor Bureau. By direction of Congress he has had a thorough report prepared for each year from 1867 to 1886 of all divorces granted in the United States, giving the causes assigned and a comparison with similar divorce statistics in Europe. In the light of this report we may almost be called a people of broken promises. The result is appalling if the figures afford an accurate comparison. The aggregate of absolute divorces, in 1886, in all Europe, with the exception of Spain, was 19,500. In the United States, in the same year, there were 25,535 divorces. The increase of divorce in this land of broken promises appears more forcibly in a comparison of the number of divorces to the number of married couples. In 1870 there occurred one divorce to every 664 couples; in 1880 there was one to every 479 couples. The same fact appears in a comparison by decades from 1877 to 1887 there were 206,594 divorces, against 122,121 during the preceding ten years, an increase of 69 per cent or to show what our laws and courts have drifted to in a period of twenty years, there were 9,937 divorces in an estimated population of 36,000,000 in 1867, while in 1886 there were 25,535 in an estimated population of 55,000,000—an increase of 156 per cent. An examination of the causes of divorces reveals the fact that desertion by both parties is the chief pretext for legal separation, cruelty on the part of husbands coming next, and infidelity on the part of the wives last. In the twenty years from 1867 to 1887 wives have received 75,119 divorces on account of desertion, and 51,438 divorces have been granted husbands whose wives have left them. There were in the same period 45,419 divorces on account of the cruelty of husbands to wives. While but 6,101 were allowed on account of the cruelty of wives to husbands. The infidelity of husbands has resulted, during the last two decades, in 38,156 divorces. The same cause on the part of married women has resulted in 29,480 divorces. The aggregate of legal separations from all causes tells a hard story against men. There were in the twenty years covered by the report 216,077 divorces granted to wives and 112,639 to husbands. In twenty years 7,948 separations were granted to wives on account of non-support. I am of the opinion that the thoughtless way in which countless young people of both sexes hurry into the married state is the greatest cause for this growing evil of divorce.

We get in the *Treasury* for March, a view of the South Congregational church in Brooklyn; a portrait of the pastor, Rev. A. J. Lyman; a sketch of both church and pastor and one of the latter's characteristic sermons. In the department of leading thoughts of sermons, there are abstracts of discourses by Revs. C. H. Spurgeon, J. T. Kendrick, Geo. Smith, C. S. H. Dunn and Geo. R. Bird.

International Lesson.

REV. T. J. CURTIS.

Lesson for March 31st.

REVIEW—TEMPERANCE—MISSIONS.

REVIEW AND MISSIONS.

ISAIAH XXXV: 1-10.

GOLDEN TEXT.—*The desert shall rejoice, and blossom as the rose.*—Is. 35: 1.

Narrations of Home Mission work are so largely interwoven in the lessons of the past quarter that it is very proper to make missions a leading feature in our Quarterly Review to-day. The twelve lessons we have undertaken since the year began furnish studies in the Gospel according to Mark (John Mark or Markus), the son of one of the Marys who were devout disciples of Jesus. His mother dwelt in a home of her own at Jerusalem; he was a cousin of Barnabas, once went with his uncle and Paul on a preaching tour but turned back, afterwards became a faithful and useful convert under Peter at Babylon and from him, probably, obtained most of his material for the gospel which bears his name. Our past quarter's series of lessons takes us over a period of four years, commencing with the mission of John the Baptist and bringing us down to within a short time of the crucifixion of our Lord. We first glanced at the work of him who as the great herald of the advent of our Savior made his voice to be heard mightily "crying in the wilderness, Prepare ye the way of the Lord, make His paths straight." Then we followed Jesus and His disciples on their missionary journeys through Galilee, the wilderness of Judea (lying between Jerusalem and the Dead Sea), the district south of Mount Hermon around Cesarea Philippi, the countries beyond Jordan called Decapolis (including Gadara) and Perea (especially in the vicinity of Bethabara), and lastly at Jericho, on their way up to Jerusalem for the last time. The lesson appointed to be read in connection with our Review is, as you see, taken from the writings of Isaiah, than whom no seer of Israel or author in ancient or modern times ever wielded a grander or more eloquent pen. This thirty-fifth chapter, which was in all likelihood written in or near the fourteenth year of the reign of King Hezekiah, B. C. 712, is filled with the lofty thought, the sublime imagery, the spiritual power, the transcendent beauty and the moving pathos which characterize all his utterances, and the inspiration of God breathes in every word. In the mighty deeds and words of the Messiah recorded in our past twelve lessons there was a fulfillment of what Isaiah foretold. "A Sabbath in the life of Jesus" brought us with Him into the synagogue at Capernaum, where He so interpreted the Scriptures and imparted such doctrine as to greatly surprise and impress all who heard Him; we beheld how, at His rebuke, the foul fiend was compelled to relinquish his unhappy victim; we followed Jesus home after the meeting and saw Him cure Peter's wife's mother of a raging fever, and then, never weary of doing good, heal all the crowds of diseased and devil-possessed people that were brought to Him after sunset. We witnessed how, before dawn of day on the morrow He refreshed and strengthened His soul by going to some neighboring solitude and there holding interview with His Father in prayer; and then, when His disciples had found Him, going with them and preaching and casting out devils in many of the Galilean towns and synagogues, and then, "moved with compassion," healing by a touch a poor leper who, believing, sought His aid. How sin defiles and destroys like a loathsome and deadly leprosy, but how it vanishes from the soul that cries in faith to the Great Physician! Then, coming back with Him to Capernaum, we mingled with the dense throng that crushed and crowded about Him in the courtyard of the house where He was staying as soon as they heard of His arrival; and there we stood as the palsied man was let down through the roof by his friends, and Jesus, to honor their faith and bless his, both forgave the poor sick man's sins and banished his palsy. How it rejoiced our hearts to find Him thus giving unmistakable evidence of His divine power to forgive as well as heal, and leaving the carping scribes no excuse for rejecting Him. Then, out on the bright seashore, we listened while He instructed thousands of hearers by means of the striking and attractive illus-

tration of parables, and afterwards we learnt how He privately explained the parable of the sower to the chosen band of disciples. Is the good seed of the gospel permanently lodged and vigorously growing in our hearts and bringing forth fruit in our lives? After that we found Him across the Lake, paying a visit to the Gadarenes, and met the moment he stepped on shore by a fierce demoniac, possessed by a whole legion of unclean spirits; but though, speaking through their miserable bond-thrall, these fiends expressed their terror at the presence of Jesus and adjured Him not to torment them by compelling them to be done with their wicked sport in this poor fellow. He compelled them to come out of him, and though at their solicitation—to demonstrate to their late victim how great was his deliverance, and to teach a salutary lesson to the sinful traffickers in hogs flesh—he suffered the demons to enter into a herd of swine and thus cause their immediate destruction, the legion from the bottomless pit gained nothing by it. What a mighty proof that the Son of God came into the world to destroy all the works of the Devil! In the clamorous prayer of the inhabitants of Gadara to Jesus "to depart out of their coasts," what sad evidence we found of the grip the world has on the unregenerate heart; and in his prompt acquiescence the danger of tempting the Lord by that sordidness of soul which, despite every warning and teaching, prefers carnal profit to eternal salvation. "The timid woman's touch" of the hem of His garment as He passed along a street of Capernaum, after his return from Decapolis, on His way to heal the daughter of Jairus, and what a wonderful and instantaneous cure that touch resulted in, assured us of our Savior's ever ready compassion as well as almighty power, and taught us how to distinguish between that touch of Jesus which is indifferent and unbelieving and that which is of earnestness and faith. In the lesson named "The Teacher and the Twelve," we learnt from our Lord's second visit to Nazareth to try to evangelize his fellow towns-people the strength and folly of that inveterate blind prejudice which positively refuses to recognize any special merit and superiority in that with which they are too familiar in the person with whom they have been intimately associated on terms of equality. This lesson also showed us the need of missionaries having yoke-fellows and being easily contented, trustful, single-eyed, faithful in their Lord's work; and the duty incumbent on the people among whom they labor to adequately sustain them. The thought also occurred to us that in thus sending out those who were subsequently to be ordained as apostles and sent to wider fields our Lord laid down a wise rule for the training of candidates for the ministry—taught us that they should have opportunity to bring their knowledge gathered in study into active exercise and develop their popular gifts by occasionally engaging in public work.

The lesson on "Jesus the Messiah" leads us to the quiet neighborhood of Cesarea Philippi, where He had retired with his disciples to spend a brief vacation after their missionary labors in Galilee. The best and the most work is accomplished by those who take sufficient rest. The nearer we are to Jesus the more knowledge He imparts to us. He told His twelve disciples many things that He did not impart to others. What we personally think of Christ is of utmost importance. Do we in our very hearts believe that He is the Author of eternal salvation to us? Then let us strive to grow in grace and knowledge of Him, and act as though we knew that there is no heavenly crown for us any more than for Him until after we have borne a cross, no friendly recognition by the King of glory awaiting us in heaven if we are ashamed of Jesus of Nazareth. The lesson on "The childlike spirit" was greatly needed by the disciples after their angry disputations on the way back to Capernaum from Cesarea Philippi. A desire to be uppermost in outward position and authority in the church is still prevalent. Proud ambition always goes before a fall; in Christ's kingdom it will eternally wreck the soul that indulges it, unless flung away in time. Humble mindedness and readiness to take the meanest duty and lowest place the Master assigns us is the only sure path that leads upward. Treat kindly and respectfully all Christ's little ones if we would escape His severest censure. The lesson "Christ's love to the young" introduced us to one of the most lovely

and impressive scenes in the whole of His life. Happy they who know and feel the tender love which prompted Him to take the dear little children in His arms and bless them. May we all understand what He meant when He said, "Suffer the little children to come unto Me, and forbid them not; for of such is the Kingdom of God." None are too young to be His disciples, if they only love and believe in Him. Happy the sinner who, like "Blind Bartimeus" knows that he is blind and helpless, and that none but Jesus can restore his sight and make him happy, and who cries in faith to Him when he has heard of Him before the opportunity passes away.

TEMPERANCE.

Eph. v. 15-21.

GOLDEN TEXT.—*And be not drunk with wine, wherein is excess; but be filled with the Spirit.*—Eph. 5: 18.

Some of the most solemn and precious counsel ever penned by Paul is that which we find in this passage from his epistle to his converts at the city of Ephesus. We are all treading the path of life amid snares, dangers, pitfalls and perils innumerable. They only are wise who walk circumspectly that is, keep continually on the watch, firm against sin and temptation. *The days of life are evil*, that is, uncertain and full of bad influences and wicked conduct upon the part of many with whom we are contemporary, therefore we should be ever *redeeming the time*—making as sure as we can of it, using it to the best possible advantage, suffering not ourselves to waste or put it to a bad use. If we would not be numbered among the *unwise*, we will be ever seeking to *understand what the will of the Lord is*. The Divine will should be our only guide and law. Nothing whatever should ever tempt us to swerve by a hair's breadth from His will, which He is ever revealing to us in the works of nature and providence, in our personal experience, in His holy Word and by the voice of conscience. It is His will that we *be not drunk with wine, wherein is excess; but be filled with the Spirit*. "Wine is a mocker, strong drink is raging; and whosoever is deceived thereby is not wise." In ancient times there was a wonderfully beautiful and costly wine-cup made; and the figure of a serpent rising on its coil with gleaming eyes and forked tongue about to strike met the gaze of him who drank from it just as he was about to drain out the last drops. Every cup of alcoholic drink has a poisonous reptile lurking in the bottom. Excessive use of that which intoxicates is in itself a deadly crime and is the parent of every other crime. Only the total abstainers are on the safe side. It is very dangerous to use it even in moderation as a beverage; for the habit is extremely likely to so grow and strengthen as at length to develop into drunkenness. Young people, had better far keep from it altogether. *Be filled with the Spirit of God*. Having your heart just full of love for God and man, purity, faith, and obedience, there will be no room for sinful excess. Those who drink alcoholic beverages imagine they do them good and make them happy. We are easily deceived. Much of what is called happiness is like the crackling of thorns under a pot. *speaking to yourselves in psalms and hymns and spiritual songs, singing and making melody in your heart to the Lord*, is the way to become cheerful so as not to be sorry afterwards and to secure abiding joy. *Giving thanks always for all things unto God and the Father in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ*. Whatever be our lot in life by the will of God we should feel grateful to Him; for He knows best; and bear in mind that every blessing comes through the Savior. *Submitting yourselves one to another in the fear of God*. The true humbleness of mind which our Lord so highly commends and rewards is one of the fruits of that spiritual sobriety which never runs into excess in anything, and which ever exercises a calm, clear, dispassionate judgment.

Mamma (to Edie, aged 3½ years, just home from her first morning at the kindergarten): "Well, Edie, how did you like it?" Edie: "I didn't like it a bit. The teacher put me on a chair and told me to sit there for the present. And I sat and sat, and she never gave me the present."—*Exchange*.

Pepi: "Mamma, may I say something?" Mamma: "You know the rule is that you must not speak at the table." Pepi: "But may I say just one word?" Mamma: "No, Pepi; but when papa has finished the paper then you may speak." (Papa finally lays the paper on the table.) Mamma: "Now, Pepi, what did you wish to say?" Pepi: "I wanted to tell you that the water is running over the tub onto the floor in the bath-room."—*Fliegende Blätter*.

A CHEERFUL GIVER.

BY SENEX SMITH.

It was Sunday morning. Christian Closefist and his family were getting ready for church. Mrs. Closefist, who is really a good woman, and would give liberally and gladly if she kept the purse, said to her husband: "You remember, Christian, that this is the day for the missionary collection."

"Yes, and I suppose that we shall have to give something, though the times are so hard that I cannot well afford it."

"If the times are hard for us, they are a great deal harder for the missionaries. They are dependent on these collections for their bread and butter, and sometimes I am afraid that it is bread without butter, and not enough of that. We have plenty of everything, and surely we ought to give to them of our abundance. You know Paul commended the Christians of Macedonia, because their deep poverty abounded to the riches of their liberality."

"Well, well, I told you that we would have to give something, whether we want to, and can afford to, or not. If we did not, everybody would be tattling about us. So, when I made my deposit in the bank yesterday, I saved out this greenback for the collection," and he took from his pocket a five dollar bill, though the operation seemed as painful as if somebody were drawing one of his teeth.

Mrs. Closefist looked sad. She knew that her husband's income was large—that he could give ten times that amount, and not feel it. He was not an outsider either, but a member of the church. He professed to have given himself and all his property to the Lord. And yet, to this great and needy cause of the Master he proposed to give a mere pittance, and he gave it grudgingly—gave it not because he loved Christ, but because he wanted to appear well before his fellow men. After sending up a silent prayer from the depths of her loving heart, she said: "Husband, how much would the new carpet cost that you said you would buy as soon as your January rents were collected?"

"About a hundred dollars, I reckon; but what has that to do with missions?"

"I have been thinking that a good many poor ministers, whom the Lord loves better than he loves us, because they serve him better, have no carpets at all, and would it not be right for us to get along with our old one awhile, and give that hundred dollars to missions? If you consent, I will turn this carpet, and clean it, and fix it up myself, so that it will be very respectable for a year or two longer."

"Why, Emily, are you crazy? A hundred dollars to missions—such extravagance would break me up. I have never given but five dollars a year. I began with that when I joined the church, and it is as much as the rest of the members in our circumstances give."

"Yes, but you know that when you began giving five dollars a year, you were comparatively poor. Now you are worth twenty times as much as you were then, and should you not show your appreciation of the Lord's goodness to you, by increasing your contribution as your means have increased?"

At this point the little bird that brought me so much of this domestic colloquy flew away, and I don't know what was the result of Emily's suggestion. But I could not help thinking of the close-fists in our churches. Why, if the prosperous men who call themselves Christians would remember that the Lord loveth a cheerful giver, and that he expects us all to lay by in store for him as he has prospered us (1 Cor. xvi. 2), how speedily our missionary treasuries would be full, and overflowing.

The average annual income of the three hundred thousand families in our Presbyterian churches cannot be less than one thousand dollars a year. Ten per cent. of this would be thirty million dollars. Let ten million dollars go to congregational expenses, as now, and there would be no less than twenty million dollars a year for the great benevolent work of the church! What an impulse such annual contributions would give to the cause of missions!

And I thought again, as I pondered on the little bird's report, if the Emilys in our homes controlled the purses, a good many of the reluctant five dollar donations would go up at once to hundreds, given cheerfully; for woman (God bless our wives and moth-

ers!) was last at the cross, first at the sepulchre, and has always had a quicker sympathy with Christian work than her husband or her sons.—*Herald and Presbyterian.*

DRIVING WITH OIL.

I wanted to drive an iron bar through a piece of timber. I bored a hole of the right size, but the bar was rusty, and the hole was rough. I made slow progress, and was beginning to split the wood. Then I thought of the oil can. I oiled the bar; I poured oil into the hole, and a few blows of the hammer sent the iron into its place. The oil had not diminished the size of the bar, nor enlarged that of the hole. It only relieved the friction. It had smoothed both surfaces. A few drops of oil were more effective than many blows of the hammer. How slow some good people are to learn this simple lesson. They take hold of an important enterprise with great zeal. They are intensely earnest, and even morbidly conscientious. Everybody ought to see it just as they do, and whoever does not is hammered at without mercy. Such uncharitable zeal provokes opposition. It excites all the friction of the natural heart. Men will not appreciate the truth presented when they are repelled by the spirit in which it is presented. Let the reformer be careful to have plenty of oil. Let him speak the truth in love.

There are some people who are too fond of oil; who seem to think that nothing else is needed. They make the truth so slippery that it don't need any driving. But it goes in so easy that it don't stay in. We must use the hammer as well as the oil. We must send the truth into men's hearts so lubricated that it will not split, and yet so close fitting that it will stay.

REST.

I read a story the other day about a deer that was chased by a pack of hungry wolves. A pioneer in his cabin heard the cry of the ravenous beasts, and thinking it might be a man who was trying to escape, he opened his cabin door and placed a light in it, for it was night. The deer, seeing the open door, rushed in, and lay down panting in the midst of the family. He was glad to find that place of refuge; and the rest and the sense of safety were no doubt very sweet to him. But next morning he looked longingly out of the cabin window, to the woods and the far-away hills. And though the children fed him and petted him, he was restless. He did not want merely to be safe and to have enough to eat, but to be bounding over the earth. His true rest was in the free use of his limbs. The pioneer, though fond of venison, could not kill a deer that thus came to him for protection. And though the children wanted to keep it as a playmate, they could not do so when confinement would have made their pet unhappy. So they gave the deer its breakfast, and then opened the door and let it go. Now it was restless no more, for it was free.

How strange are the laws of association. Why did that story make me think of heaven? Let me tell you why. Some people are for ever ringing the changes on that word "rest." They think of heaven as the place where they will not only be safe, but free from all toils and troubles. They expect to sit down there for ages, with nothing to do. But such idleness would not be restful. The man whose mind is active, and whose heart is warm, will want to be learning something and doing something as long as he lives. He will find rest for a moment, like the hunted deer, in the consciousness of safety—in the blissful feeling that no enemy or evil can follow his soul to heaven. But soon the powers and faculties of that soul will wake up, and the saint in glory will like the deer in the morning. It will want to go out and explore the universe. It will want to visit the sun and all the stars. It will want to stand on the rings of Saturn, and travel over the nebulae. And it will be restless until these longings are gratified. The loving Father who implanted them, will provide for their gratification. And in that gratification we will find our true and perennial blessedness. There is a rest for the people of God. But it will be like the rest of the Hebrews in the promised land. They did not lie down inactive when the conquest of Canaan was completed. No; they were busier than when they wandered in the wilderness—busy in exploring their new home and in developing its resources. And so, it

seems to me that we will be busy forever, and happy, because our tireless powers will be led on from one grand discovery to another. We will never be baffled in our pursuit of knowledge, never chilled by the indifference or unworthiness of the objects that we love.

This rational and satisfying idea of heaven has a practical bearing upon the life that now is. Are we active, intellectually and spiritually? Do we long ever to know more of God, to do more for God, and to be more like God? If so, we have the spirit of the new creation. If so, we may believe that we have indeed been born again, and are heirs of the kingdom. But if we cherish a hope in Christ only as a passport to heaven—if we think only of being saved—if we do not anticipate the joyous progress of the future by trying now to grow in grace and in knowledge and the love of God—we have no experience on which to base a well-grounded hope. The new life in Christ Jesus must manifest itself in new aspirations, in new endeavors. It is only to those who seek for glory, honor, and immortality that God promises eternal life.

A REMARKABLE SPEECH.

The following extract from a speech made in the House of Lords by Lord Chesterfield, about 1749, is very appropriate to the circumstances of the present time:

Luxury, my Lords, is to be taxed, but vice prohibited let the difficulty be what it will. Would you lay a tax upon a breach of the Ten Commandments? Would not such a tax be wicked and scandalous? Would it not imply an indulgence to all those who could pay the tax?

Vice, my lords, is not properly to be taxed, but suppressed, and heavy taxes are sometimes the only means by which that suppression can be obtained. Luxury, or that which is only pernicious, by excess, though not strictly unlawful, may be made more difficult. But the use of those things which are simply hurtful in their own nature, and in every degree, are to be prohibited.

Drunkenness, my lords, is universally, and in all circumstances, an evil, and therefore ought not to be taxed, but punished. The noble lord has been pleased kindly to inform us that the trade of distilling is very extensive, that it employs great numbers, and that they have arrived at exquisite skill, and, therefore, he says, the trade of distilling is not to be discouraged.

Once more, my lords, allow me to wonder at the different conceptions of different understandings. It appears to me that since the spirit which the distillers produce is allowed to enfeeble the limbs, vitiate the blood, pervert the heart, and obscure the intellect, the number of distillers should be no argument in their favor, for I never heard that a law against theft was repealed or delayed because thieves were numerous.

It appears to me, my lords, that really, if so formidable a body are confederate against the virtue or the lives of their fellow-citizens, it is time to put an end to the havoc, and to interpose while it is yet in our power to stop the destruction.

So little, my lords, am I affected by the merit of that wonderful skill which distillers are said to have attained, that it is, in my opinion, no faculty of great use to mankind to prepare palatable poison, nor shall I ever contribute my interest for the reprieve of a murderer, because he has, by long practice, obtained dexterity in his trade. If their liquors are so delicious that the people are tempted to their own destruction, let us, at least, secure them from their fatal draught by bursting the vials that contain them. Let us catch at once these artists in human slaughter, who have reconciled their countrymen to sickness and ruin, and spread over the pitfalls of debauchery such a bait as cannot be resisted.

LINCOLN'S SEASICKNESS.

Though there are many remedies, so-called, for seasickness, yet medical science, we believe, refuses to put forth any of them, either as preventives or cures. Prominent among remedies which keep their promises neither to the ear nor to the hope are wine and spirits. An anecdote of President Lincoln, related in the *Century*, shows that he knew the uselessness of these remedies.

When he visited General Grant at City Point, in 1864, he was met on his arrival by the General and his staff. When asked how he was, the President replied: "I am not feeling very well. I got pretty badly shaken up on the bay coming down, and I am not altogether over it yet."

"Let me send for a bottle of champagne for you, Mr. President," said a staff officer; "that is the best remedy I know of for seasickness."

"No, no, my young friend," replied the president; "I've seen many a man in my time seasick ashore from drinking that article."

That was the last time any one screwed up sufficient courage to offer him wine.

The Children.

IT ISN'T FAR TO JESUS.

It isn't far to Jesus:
If you only knew how near,
You would reach him in a moment,
And banish all your fear.
He is standing close beside you,
If only you could see;
And is saying—could you hear Him—
"Let the children come to me."

Don't you know He never changes,
As your little friends do here?
He is always kind and ready
For to comfort and to cheer.

And the very best about it is,
He's always close at hand,
And will always listen to you,
And always understand.

It matters not how little,
Or how very young or weak;
And if you have been sinful,
It was you He came to seek.

There is nothing that need hinder
Your coming to Him now;
So you surely will not linger
Until you older grow.

You really must love Jesus
When you think of all His love
In coming down from heaven,
That happy home above;

And lying in a manger,
And suffering so much woe,
That you and all dear children
To that bright world might go.

—The Presbyterian.

SELIM.

(A True Story.)

Selim and I became acquainted on this wise: his mistress left me in the buggy while she went into the store. Around came Selim's head. His eyes looked me over. Then his head came around the other side with another sharp look. Then he started as if he didn't like my looks and wanted to pitch me out. "Selim; nice Selim; stand still, Selim; there's a good fellow," said I, gently and firmly. But again both his flashing eyes came at me, as if to say: "Who are you, and what business have you there?"

I answered: "It's all right, Selim; don't be troubled. There, good fellow, we'll soon go, and you'll be in the barn champing your corn."

After that Selim seemed satisfied. We went together daily. He would come to me across the big field and let me put on the bridle and saddle.

Away he would fly among the trees and beautiful lakes of Florida, miles and miles. In a day or two we would turn our faces homeward. He knew the way better than I. The roads went this way and that and almost every way cross. There were neither people, nor fences, nor guide-boards, for miles, to tell us the turns. Sometimes we would come to the forks of three or more roads, and I would say: "Now what, Selim? I don't know which of these is right. Do you, Selim? If you do, go ahead."

Selim somehow, knew every time.

Once he pulled one way, and I the other. We had quite a warm tussle there in the pine woods. I told him several times, "Selim, now I know you are wrong. This is the way."

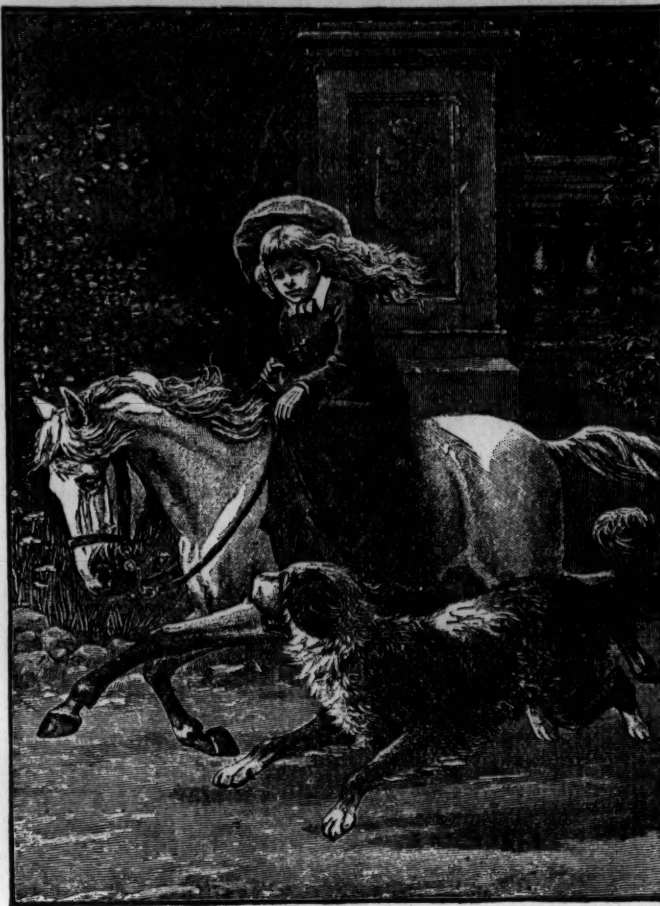
But he wouldn't move that way till I gave his neck a sharp slap.

Then he dropped his ears and looked "sulky" and moped on my way, though often cocking his eye over in the other direction.

In a little while, however, things seemed strange about me.

"Guess you are right, after all, good Selim. Go your own way now."

What do you think he did? Why, wheeled right across through the woods to his own road, and in a little while we were home. And didn't I pat the wise fellow and praise him!



SELIM.

Once I went to spring upon his back, but, instead, the saddle turned and tossed me right under him. "Why didn't he step upon me, or make off?" Yet he stood still as a mouse, looking down, as though he pitied my condition, and would have picked me up.

Selim is a handsome fellow, and wise as he is handsome. His family is much like him.

A gentleman once let me take Selim's third cousin to ride fifty miles. I knew not one step of the way. There was no one hardly all that distance to tell me.

"Never you mind," said this man. "My horse knows all the by-paths. He'll carry you straight there; only let him go his own way."

I mounted him in the morning and "let him go." When the sun was a half-hour high, the noble animal had made the fifty miles, and stopped at the very door whither I went!

Selim lives in Florida, and often walks among fine orange-trees, and nobody scolds him for helping himself now and then.

You would like to own him? So would I, this very moment, and gallop through the woods with him. But—I don't own him. His mistress would not sell him for many rubies.

Did you ever think, "What if a pig's head had been put on a horse's shoulders?"

As likely as not, if you or I had tried to make a horse we should have given him such a shape, or something worse.

Perhaps we would have put his tail where his head is, or his eyes and ears in his feet. But God fashioned him wisely, putting everything in its place. So everything He did was "good." Did you ever think it is better to be a horse than a sinner? Are you forgiven? If not, how are you as well off as Selim?—Uncle Charles in *The Pansy*.

OUR FIRST PET DOG.

One day little Frankie B—came rushing into the house with a slam bang of doors and shout of "Mother, Mother say can I have a pup? Willie Jones has some little beauties, real shiney little black fellows, and he says "I may have one, can't I Mother?" No, my boy, I can't have a dog around, and a puppie above all things. He would dig up all my flowers, and chew up everything he could get. So try and be good and happy without a dog, "I think it is too bad for nearly all the boys have dogs." Just then the small sister who had been sent to the store on an errand came trotting in. "Here's your friend Mover, the store man, had some little dar-

ling doggies, and he gave me one but I told him you wouldn't let us have any doggie; but "Mover" I wanted it ever so bad, it was so cunning." Two or three days afterward Frank and his father went to the store and the clerk offered them the puppie. The boy coaxed his father until he told him he might have it. Then there marched home a proud and happy boy with a little black terrier hugged up tightly in his arms. When the Mother saw the dog she felt badly, but said it might stay if the children would keep it out doors; but she couldn't have a dog in the house. "But where will the little baby dog sleep?" said Frank. "He can sleep in the barn on the nice soft, warm hay." "Well come little sister less put the baby dog to bed. Guess we will call him Jet, he is so black." Little Jet played outdoors with the children every day and slept on the hay every night and throve. But there came one real cold night; and when the children went out to see him right after breakfast next day, they found him stretched on the hay stiff and cold. They picked him up and took him into their Mother crying, and said

"Our poor dear little doggie is dead." The Mother felt sorry for her children, and for the poor little puppie too. So she took Jet in her hands and held him out to the bright warm fire that was burning in the dining-room grate. Mother warmed doggie first on one side, then turned him over and warmed him on the other side.

Pretty soon doggie came to; and after he had had some nice warm milk he was all well again. Master Jet slept in a warm box in the kitchen after that. This was not the only hard time Jet had. For one day after he had got to be quite a dog, Jet was helping his master to drive some stray horses out of the yard. And going too close to the horse's heels in his eagerness to be useful, he was kicked on the head and badly stunned. Frank picked up what he thought was his little dead dog and carried him into the house to show his Mother and get comforted, as he always did when he was in trouble. But she went to work to save the dog. She wrapped him up in a blanket and put cold water on his head, and he soon got well again. Jet was a good temperance dog. There was a saloon across the street from Jet's home, and he used to bark very loud at the men who went there. He was so energetic about it that it interfered with the custom of the saloon keeper and that wicked man shot him.

So died that bright little doggie, energetic for the right to the last.

COUSIN HELEN.

JAPANESE BABIES.

"In our country, very young babies are apt to put everything in their mouths; a button, or a pin, or anything goes straight to the little, rosy, wide-open lips. But in Japan they put the small babies right down in the sand by the door of the house or on the floor, and I never saw them attempt to put anything in their mouths, and no one seemed anxious about them.

"When little boys or girls in Japan are naughty they must be punished; but the punishment is strange. There are very small pieces of rice-paper called moxa, and these are lighted with a match, and then put upon the finger or hand, or arm of the naughty child, and they burn a spot on the tender skin that hurts very much. The child screams with pain, and the red-hot moxa sticks to the skin for a moment or two and then goes out, but the smarting burn reminds the little child of his fault."—St. Nicholas.

ANOTHER LETTER.

DEAR COUSIN HELEN:—I read your invitation to us in THE OCCIDENT to write to you. I read THE OCCIDENT every week, and now I look for your nice letters to us. There are five of us children, three brothers and two sisters. I am the eldest. We live in the hills of the beautiful Sierra Nevadas. We have had a glorious rain which has refreshed all nature. We have a pet cat, brother Paul has a pet hen. We have an interesting Sunday school. We first began with our own family, but six other scholars have come in, and more are coming. I play on the organ, and lead singing in our Sunday school. We go to school, we have a private school. I like to go to school because we have such a pleasant teacher and school-room. I have often wanted to write letters to a paper but I had never found our dear cousin Helen before. As I feel more interested in THE OCCIDENT than I do in Eastern papers I think it is such a good paper. We have a little friend who visits us and we have a nice time playing dolls. We are well pleased with our missionary preacher, Rev. Chas. R. Nugent; I think he is a pleasant gentleman. When Mr. McDonald visited us last summer I began my first missionary work. I accompanied him on his visits to different families in this neighborhood. Since that time I have wanted to be a foreign missionary. That will take a great deal of hard study to be a competent one. My three little brothers say they are going to be Presbyterian preachers. My brothers, sister and I have pleasant walks gathering wild flowers after the close of school for each day. I think your plan of a doll house is very fine; as my brother is not old enough to fix one, so we have picnic parties, and play under the trees.

Your loving little friend,

UNDINE RACKERBY.

Hansonville, Yuba Co., Cal.

A TRUE WHITE ELEPHANT STORY.

A Philadelphia correspondent of the New York *Commercial Advertiser* thought the matter of sufficient importance to announce by a "special," Feb. 18th, the following acquisition:

At length we have a white elephant, in Bolivar, of the Zoological Gardens. When Keeper Prendergast took down the shutters of the elephant house yesterday morning he was startled almost out of his boots at seeing what appeared to be but the ghost of Bolivar standing in the place where he had left the mighty monster safely chained fore and aft the night before. It was Bolivar, but he was as white as snow. The keeper had never known an elephant to turn white in a night outside of the circus business. Calling in Headkeeper Byrne, an investigation was begun which developed an explanation, and at the same time a strange story of love and its adornment, which is all the more curious because it is true. Bolivar's companions in the massive cage are two elephants of the gentler sex, Empress and Jennie. Since he came among them he has been shifting his affections from one to the other in a manner most distracting to both of them. The result has been a good-natured jealousy.

Some time ago it was determined to enlarge the cage. The masons left their tools lying upon some barrels of plaster of paris, near the temporary partition. Among them was a large steel scoop shovel. Empress climbed up during the night, and reaching her long trunk over, she seized the shovel by the handle, and began to serenade Bolivar by banging it upon the iron bars in front of the huge cage. Not to be outdone in paying Bolivar attentions, Jennie reached over and seized a barrel of the plaster of paris. She tossed it down upon the floor, and placing one

of her dainty feet upon it, crushed in the staves. Then she began to adorn Bolivar with the white plaster.

He did not like it, but being securely chained, he could not do more than to rise to his feet and shake himself. It was of no avail, and Empress attempted to come to his rescue by running her trunk into a barrel of water, which stood upon the other side of the partition, and then blowing it upon Bolivar, in an attempt to wash off the plaster. The water only held out long enough for her to wet him from head to foot, while Jennie had plenty of powder left, and she continued to toss it upon him. The water made it stick and set, and thus it was that the Zoo had a white elephant.

THE MISSIONARY POTATO.

It was a very large church, and it wasn't nicely furnished. No carpet on the floor, no frescoing on the walls; just a plain, square, bare, frame building away out in Illinois. To this church came James and Stephen Holt every Sunday of their lives.

On this particular Sunday they stood together over by the square-box stove, waiting for Sunday school to commence, and talking about the missionary collection that was to be taken up. It was something new for the poor church; they were used to having collections taken up for them. However, they were coming up in the world, and wanted to begin to give. Not a cent had the Holt boys to give that day.

"Pennies are as scarce as hen's teeth," said Stephen, showing a row of white, even teeth as he spoke. James looked doleful. It was hard on them, he thought, to be the only ones in the class who had nothing to give. He looked grimly around the old church. What should he spy lying in one corner under a seat but a potato.

"How in the world did that potato get to church?" he said, nodding his head toward it. "Somebody must have dropped it that day we brought the things here for the poor folks. I say Stennie, we might give that potato. I suppose it belongs to us as much as to anybody."

Stephen turned and gave a long, thoughtful look at the potato.

"That's an idea!" he said eagerly, "Let's do it!"

James expected to see a roughish look on his face, but his eyes and mouth said, "I'm in earnest!"

"Honor bright?" asked James.

"Yes, honor bright."

"How? Split it in two and each put a half on the plate?"

"No," said Stephen, laughing, "we can't get it ready to give to-day, I guess; but suppose we carry it home and plant it in the nicest spot we can find, and take extra care of it, and give every potato it raises to the missionary cause? There'll be another chance; this isn't the only collection the church will ever take up, and we can sell the potatoes to somebody."

Full of this new plan they went into the class looking less sober than before; and though their faces were rather red when the box was passed to them and they had to shake their heads, they thought of the potato, and looked at each other and laughed.

Somebody must have whispered to the earth and the dew and the sunshine about that potato. You never saw anything like it: "Beats all," said Farmer Holt, who was led into the secret. "If I had a twenty-acre lot that would grow potatoes in that fashion, I should make my fortune."

When harvesting came would you believe that there were forty-one good, sound, splendid potatoes in that hill? Another thing: While the boys were picking them up, they talked over the

grand mass-meeting for Missions that was to be held in the church next Thursday—an all day meeting. The little church had had a taste of the joy of giving, and was prospering as she had not before. Now for a big meeting to which speakers from Chicago were coming. James and Stephen had their plans made. They washed the forty-one potatoes carefully, and wrote out in their very best hand this sentence forty-one times:

"This is a missionary potato; its price is ten cents; it is from the best stock known. It will be sold only to one who is willing to take a pledge that he will plant it in the Spring, and give every one of its children to Missions. Signed by James and Stephen Holt."

Each shining potato had one of these slips smoothly pasted to its plump side.

Didn't those potatoes go off though! By 3 o'clock on Thursday afternoon not one was left, though a gentlemen from Chicago offered to give a gold dollar for one of them. Just imagine, if you can the pleasure with which James and Stephen Holt put each two dollars and five cents into the collection that afternoon. I'm sure I can't describe it to you. But I can assure you of one thing. They each have a missionary garden, and it thrives.—*The Pansy*.

THE LOST RING.

BY MRS. MELLISON.

Though Ralph was fond of his little black-and-white kitten, he used to tease her sometimes.

His mamma was very sorry; for she was afraid if her boy was not kind to his pets, his heart would never be kind and loving.

Nothing amused him more than to tie paper on the kitty's tail, and watch her as she went tearing around the room, whirling round and round trying to get it off.

One day Ralph's uncle brought him a pretty gold ring. He was so delighted that he could not help looking at it most all the time; and when they were at the dinner table his papa had to remind him that he could not live on rings; for he had not tasted his food, he was so interested in talking about and showing that ring.

But it was not many days before he began trying it on the kitty's tail. If it pinched a little so that the poor kitty mewed to have it taken off, he was in no hurry.

His mamma told him that it was very naughty to plague her so, and if he did not look out she would run away some time where he could not find her, and then his ring would be lost.

But Ralph thought he knew best.

One day he had just put the ring on kitty's tail, when he saw his cousin Nat coming up to the door on his new pony.

He ran out to meet his cousin, forgetting all about his ring till after they had put the pony in the stable, when he saw the kitty running as fast as she could toward the carriage house.

"Oh, my gold ring!" Ralph cried, and at that moment she darted through a small hole out of sight.

They ran after her, but it was too late, for they could not even get their heads through the hole.

They called "Kitty, kitty, kitty!" as loud as they could, but she did not come. Only two big, shining eyes could be seen.

They threw nice bits of meat where she could get it, but nothing would induce her to come out.

When, half an hour later they saw her running up the walk to the back door, the ring was gone. And though they spent most of the afternoon trying to find it, Ralph never saw it again.

That night, after his cousin had gone home, he laid his head in his mamma's lap, and sobbed: "O mamma, if I had minded you, my ring would not be lost!"

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AN EASTERN EXCURSION.

An eastern excursion under the supervision of Mr. Geo. C. McConnell will be planned for a date early in May, in order to make provision for those who will desire to attend the meetings of the General Assembly and other spring gatherings.

Persons looking forward to an eastern trip will do well to confer with Mr. M. at his office in Bible House, 735 Market Street, San Francisco.

STRONG WHEN WEAK.

How unanswerable, at the first glance, seems the statement of Paul in 2 Cor. 12:10, "For when I am weak, then am I strong." But when we study it and comprehend its real meaning, we see that it is one of the grandest statements that the Holy Spirit has inspired. It was true in the case of Paul, and has been in that of all true Christians since. And this is why: Our strength as believers is not in ourselves but in Christ. It is a strength that comes through faith. It is a strength that we receive by trusting, and the humbler we are, the more we feel of our own weakness, the closer we cling to Him in whom we trust, and the more we receive of his fullness. This fact is most beautifully set forth by our Savior Himself in one of His parables. He says:

"As the branch can not bear fruit of itself except it abide in the vine, no more can ye except ye abide in Me." If the branch was strong in itself, or thought that it was, and ceased to abide in the vine, it would not only be fruitless, but would soon wither and die.

We have illustrations of this paradox of weakness as an element of strength in material things. A man who preferred to trust his reason rather than observe the facts, wanted to make an electro magnet. He said: "Now every part of this machine must be as strong as possible." So he took a bar of the hardest steel, and put it within the coil of wire called the helix. He connected the helix with the poles of a battery, but he could not lift a needle even. When, however, he gave up what seemed to be reasonable, and put a bar of soft iron in the helix, he had a powerful magnet. The subtle fluid could not magnetize the steel, but it could the soft iron. The grace of God in Christ is like the magnetic current. It cannot enter the heart that is proud and self-confident. But the lowly and contrite heart it pervades and animates and energizes, until the believer can say with Paul: "My strength is made perfect in weakness."

An ivy came up out of the warm ground in the springtime. It was frail and knew that it was. Beside it towered an oak, a monarch of the forest. It said: "Oh that I were as strong as that oak." And the angels whispered: "You can be if you will." They told it to clasp the tree with its tendrils, and climb up by it. The ivy obeyed. It clung and climbed until its head was among the topmost branches of the oak. The tempest came, but it could not shake the ivy, for it clung with its thousand arms to its protector. Until the oak falls the ivy is safe. It is as frail to day as when it crept to the trunk of the oak, but it is strong—as strong as the oak itself; because it clasps every branch, and has almost made itself a part of the tree. If the ivy had tried to grow alone, how different would have been its fate. Every wind would have tossed and torn it; every beast would have trampled upon it. We are like the ivy, and Christ is our oak. He is not the monarch of the forest merely, but the monarch of the ages. If we cling to Him, and climb up by Him, we become partakers of His strength and of His glory.

To think that we are strong when we are weak, is the most fatal of all delusions. To think that we are wise when we are ignorant, is the supreme folly.

How often has the strong swimmer sunk amid the breakers, while the timid passenger who clings to a fragment of the wreck is floated to the shore. How often has the conceited scientist drifted into some soul destroying error, while the humble student of God's word has become wise unto salvation. It is well for us all to remember that we are weak, and that Christ is our strength.

THE FAMINE IN CHINA.

Last week we called attention to the great calamity which has befallen parts of the Shantung province in China—drought in the south and floods in the north—reducing more than a million of people to the last state of destitution, most of whom must perish of starvation before next summer, unless relief is afforded. We again call urgent attention and immediate response to this appeal. "The Shantung Famine Relief Committee of Chefoo," of which Rev. John L. Nevius, D.D., is a member, has carefully examined into the condition of this famine stricken people, and, having responsible agents in the field, asks liberal and speedy aid from friends of suffering humanity everywhere. The call comes from no one religious denomination and the response should be confined to none.

The committee says: "Relief to be really effective, must continue until next June; carrying a limited number quite through the season of want. We do not propose to assist in rebuilding houses, or repairing the banks of streams; but simply to supply the food necessary to support life. A very small allowance of one or two cents a day for an individual will effect this."

In San Francisco arrangements have been made by which Mr. Stephen Franklin, of the Bank of California, has kindly consented to act as treasurer of all moneys sent for this purpose, and the said bank will send by cable to the committee in China the amounts received, thus avoiding delay. Those who may find it more convenient can hand their gifts to Geo. C. McConnell, Tract and Bible House, 735 Market street, San Francisco, and they will be sent to the treasurer.

Now let the gifts come in swiftly and largely. More than a million human beings are in danger of being starved to death during the next ninety days.

DIVORCES.

On the 20th of February, Carroll D. Wright, Commissioner of Labor, laid before Congress a report on the statistics of and laws relating to marriage and divorce in the United States, from 1867 to 1886, including an appendix containing the statistics of and laws relating to marriage and divorce in certain countries in Europe. This report was made in obedience to a special provision contained in an act of Congress approved March 3, 1887.

It is a volume of over 1,000 pages, and is divided into nine topics.

In regard to divorces the volume presents the following figures:

The divorces in the United States from 1867 to 1886, were 328,716. In 1886 the number was 25,535 as against 9,937 in 1867. The State that has the bad name of having the greatest number is Illinois, with 36,072; South Carolina has the better eminence of being at the foot, with 163.

In 1870 when the population of the country was 38,558,371, the estimated number of married couples was 7,281,031; in 1880 the population was 50,155,783, the married couples 9,429,885. In 1870 the divorces were 10,962; in 1880, 19,663: the divorces nearly double in the latter year, the population less than 33 per cent. larger. In 1870 there were 664 married couples to one divorce; in 1880, 479.

The causes of the 328,716 divorces in the twenty years were: Adultery, to husband 38,156, to wife 29,480; cruelty, to husband 6,101, to wife 45,419; desertion, to husband 51,438, to wife 75,119; drunkenness, to husband 1,432, to wife 12,411; neglect to provide, to wife 7,948; combinations of the preceding, or of a preceding with some minor cause, to husband 7,646, to wife 32,517; all others, to husband 7,866, to wife 13,183; total to husband 112,639, to wife 216,077.

—There are sadly suggestive thoughts in these figures—suggestive of unscriptural laws, prevalence of vice, need of a sounder public sentiment and living.

Rev. Jos. Hamilton is supplying the church at Vallejo for the present.

Rev. D. S. Banks supplied the pulpit of the First Presbyterian church last Sabbath, the pastor, Rev. Dr. Mackenzie being absent on a short vacation.

We learn that at the ministers' meeting last Monday, Rev. John Carrington opened the discussion on Pastoral visiting in a very able and interesting address.

The Directors of the San Francisco Theological Seminary will meet in the Howard Presbyterian church on Mission Street, to-morrow (Thursday) at 11 A. M., instead of 1 P. M., as announced last week.

Our friend Charles Geddes, architect, elder, Sabbath-school superintendent, etc., who has helped more feeble churches with good plans and specifications than any man on this coast, has removed his office to No. 415 Montgomery Street, rooms 16 and 17.

We have had abundant showers all over the coast within the past two weeks. Heavy crops of grain and fruit are now assured, and everybody is rejoicing. Now is a good time to push the canvass for THE OCCIDENT. No one can say that he cannot afford to take a religious paper when the Lord has given us such an abundance of rain, filling all hearts with gladness and hope.

We have secured the services of Rev. W. O. Forbes as a regular contributor. He is at Albina, Or., near Portland, and will gather up and forward to us items of interest from the North Pacific coast. We hope that our brethren of the Synod of Columbia will help Brother Forbes in securing the news and views of their region. We want to draw nearer to each other, if we can, the ministers and churches on this side of the Sierras.

The earliest pioneer of Congregationalism on our Coast has fallen from our ranks. Death overtook him almost unexpectedly at his home in Portland, Or., February 25th, at the age of 70—within a month or two. Dr. G. H. Atkinson reached Oregon as a home missionary in 1848, and began soon afterward preaching in Oregon City, at the falls of the Willamette river. Thence he went to Portland, when that city grew up, and later became the Superintendent of Home Missions for all the Coast north of California.—Pacific.

Some of our friends have not yet learned where our Publishing Office is. They will find us at 735 Market Street. The editor is still in St. Louis and vicinity, on the other side of the mountains. He will be absent a few weeks longer. The associate editor can be found in the office from 1 P. M. Monday, until 10 A. M. Friday. He spends Saturdays and Sabbaths at his home in the country. During our absence Mr. McConnell will receive payments for the paper and give receipts.

The condition of the benevolent work of our church at the present time is such as should lead to a careful study of our entire system of contributions. Some way should be devised whereby the Boards shall be free from the chronic straits with which they are overtaken from time to time. The New York Evangelist of last week says:

"Perhaps if we were to cease the frequent presentation of some special object which is so apt to cripple every Board for the next year, and retire from what appears like a high pressure way of giving, each Board might be fairly well assured of what it is to receive each year, and thus be able to plan its work accordingly, and so avoid these unpleasant appeals for funds."

With this we heartily agree, and we believe that the sooner the church adopts and acts upon this principle the better will it be for the Boards.—Mid. Continent.

Just now a new effort is being made to secure a better observance of the Sabbath, at least in its civil aspect. This is being sought by national association, petitions to Congress, and the enactment and enforcement of law. Lying back of all this, is there not a prior need, and one that must first be met, before anything can be accomplished in the way of this

civic observance? Must not professing Christians first of all themselves stand by, and be governed by, their principles in this matter? Can they expect the world to accept the civil Sabbath until they who profess to believe in and accept the religious Sabbath as binding upon them act in accordance with their professed belief? Can we expect the world to respect the Sabbath as long as our elders and members are starting and ending journeys on the Sabbath? Let judgment in this matter first of all begin in the house of God.—*Herald and Presbyterian*.

Rev. Sam Jones is still preaching in the Pavilion daily at 2:30 P. M., and at 7:30 in the evening. He draws full houses. After the sermon he invites those interested to come to the mourners' bench and hundreds respond. He is reaching a class of people who have not been reached by other evangelistic agencies and he gives them a good deal of old-fashioned gospel truths. He believes in total depravity and the necessity for regeneration. In his sermon on Monday night he said:

"A good man's pathway is upward and brighter and onward, but a bad man's pathway is downward to perdition. Sin is both a cause and an effect. It cuts its own channel and then follows it. Sin is not only a transgression, but a disease. It is a cancerous disease of the soul, and unless eradicated, it kills it.

We do not want the Bible to tell us that. Every drunkard, every sin-ridden woman shows it. It does not do to merely stop our sin. If the cancer is not entirely eradicated, it jumps to another part of the system. A man said he would stop swearing. He did so, but the cancer of sin jumped into his hand and he was put in jail for stealing. There is but one thing that will heal sin, and that is the blood of Christ."

We earnestly hope and pray that of the crowds drawn by Mr. Jones' peculiar style of putting things, many may be awakened and converted.

We had hoped that the old-style of attack upon what its opponents call Calvinistic Theology had been abandoned by all respectable people. But it seems that we are mistaken. The *Cumberland Presbyterian*, the organ of the Cumberland Presbyterian church, is publishing some articles from the pen of Dr. Miller, President of the Cumberland College at Waynesburg, Pa. The last paragraph of one of these articles is as follows:

Without discussing it anew, it is in palliation of my attack upon such doctrine to say that, to my judgment, it renders virtue and vice alike impossible, rewards and punishments absurd, responsibility out of the question, and the idea of moral government baseless as the "fabric of a vision."

In our judgment there must be something radically wrong in the theology of the man who could write such a paragraph. And after reading it we are not surprised to find this paragraph in another of the President's articles. It is equal to the best or worst of Sam Jones' illustrations.

"An unfortunate victim of bad drink and bad doctrine put Calvinism consistently when he said to the writer, not very reverently, but in plain English, when I last remonstrated against his ruinous course: 'Now, see here, don't you know the old man above made you to be a sober man, and me to be a drunken fool, and that what he says has got to be done.'"

Much time and thought have been devoted to the consideration of the question, "Why do men stay away from church?" One thinks he has found the solution of the problem in the expensive and beautifully decorated and elaborately furnished churches of the day. But why is it then, that these same people who are repelled by fine churches are attracted by gilded saloons, where every article of furniture is most artistic and costly? The very means by which the saloon draws, is said to repel from the church. Another thinks that the cost of pew-rents keeps people away from the church, and thinks if the churches were free, they would be crowded. But the theatres are not free and they are crowded. Every man who goes to the theatre must pay for his sitting cash down, and yet they go. Another says it is because the poor feel uncomfortable in a church where there are so many rich people. But they sit side by side with the rich at the opera; or if they cannot afford this, they buy a cheaper seat in an upper gallery,

and do not utter a word of complaint about the invidious distinction. The best solution of the perplexing problem is found in the words of the Great Teacher: "Wide is the gate, and broad is the way, that leadeth to destruction, and many there be that go in thereat; because narrow is the gate, and strait is the way, that leadeth unto life, and few there be that find it." Men love darkness rather than light."—*Christian Advocate*.

CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION ITEMS.

At the close of the College Conference in Berkeley a week ago last Sunday night, a gentleman pledged \$25,000 toward a College Association Building, provided \$25,000 more could be raised. The Trustees of the College Young Men's Christian Association are going to work in dead earnest to raise the required amount in order to secure the first \$25,000.

Rev. E. S. Chapman, D. D., is to give his lectures on the Jewish Tabernacle before the Association the last of April. The lectures will be free to the public. The Devotional Committee are also negotiating with Rev. I. D. Driver of Portland, Oregon, with the hope of securing him for a course of lectures on Infidelity, before the Association early in the summer.

CHAUTAUQUA SUMMER ASSEMBLY.

A LIST OF STARS TO ASSIST IN THE EXERCISES.

The Chautauquans are to have at Pacific Grove this summer their renowned founder and Chancellor, Bishop J. H. Vincent, and also Bishop Warren, who is another star of the first magnitude. Col. Geo. W. Bain of Kentucky, Col. L. E. Copeland and Prof. A. J. Marks of Chicago, all have promised attendance and two or more lectures, which makes a programme of rare attractions, but the best of California literary and scientific ability is also being pressed into service. Last but not least, a musical troupe of colored singers called "The Jubilee Jingers" are to furnish original and delightful entertainment. These "Jingers" are four gentlemen and two ladies who have all been connected with the famous "Hampton Band," or "Nashville Students," and are first-class jubilee singers. Pacific Grove should hardly be able to hold the crowd these attractions will draw. The dates are July 1-15.

A HELPER OF THE MINISTRY.

The religious weekly journal, though not formally supported by church contributions, has grown to be an essential part of church machinery. Almost as much so, we had nearly said, as the ministry itself. It is not indeed the same importance, but it is an invaluable worker to the same end. The minister who slights it or who neglects to extend its influence, vastly diminishes his own power and instrumentality.

It goes every week into the same families to which he preaches, with its sermons, instructions, stimulus and spiritual leverage. It stays by the fireside, lies on the table, and is read by old and young, and by many who may be detained from his services. It often stays over and is re-read at a later date. Families are not without it on rainy Sabbaths, or in times of sickness, or other detention from church. It visits the houses he cannot visit on the average one-tenth as often, and influences all for good. Once a week it is sure to come, and it comes to stay and to speak and to leave abiding impressions. It can help the minister very much. He can never afford to ignore its power or to under-estimate its influence. In any such a case the reaction will surely work his own damage.

In some cases ministers and members, coming from other regions and bringing old attachments with them, have not seemed to recognize the necessity of supporting the local work and religious organ of their church published on their new field. We have seen, sometimes, ministers reluctant to help us, who before long grew anxious for our help. Persons who come West should bring their church membership, unite with the church where they locate, and go to work to help sustain its pastor and all church work. This is what every pastor wants, and he just as much needs to have these families take the religious paper of that region, to interest them in what is being done by the churches there, and to get them to feel at

home in that region and to be in sympathy with all its efforts to extend the cause of Christ. Do unto others as you would have others do unto you. No minister can afford to be indifferent to the church journal published on his field, if he desires to interest his members in church work. Its presence and support is more important to him than he sometimes thinks. The same reason why he wants new comers to bring their letters and cast in their lot with his church, is the reason why he should cordially and earnestly sustain, recommend and help circulate the church journal of his own region.—*Mid Continent*.

AMERICAN BIBLE SOCIETY.

ISAAC G. BLISS, D. D.

Since the last meeting of the Board, intelligence has been received of the death of Dr. Isaac G. Bliss, which occurred at Assiout, Upper Egypt, on Saturday, February 16th. A severe attack of gastric fever last October kept Dr. Bliss a prisoner at his home in Scutari for some weeks, and after his recovery the damp, chilly air of Constantinople increased the bronchial and catarrhal trouble from which he has suffered for several years. But on the 9th of January, accompanied by Mrs. Bliss, he left Constantinople in comfortable health to make his customary visit to Europe, hoping to derive benefit from a change of climate, while attending to the interests of the Society. He visited Athens on the way, and passing through Alexandria and Cairo, arrived at Assiout on the 18th of January, where he was kindly received in the house of Rev. J. K. Giffen. Letters written nine days after his arrival speak of an unusual dampness in Egypt, which had affected him unfavorably, but had not excited any apprehension that his end was near.

Dr. Bliss received his appointment as Agent for the Levant in the autumn of 1857, and, having reached Constantinople in January, 1858, has completed a service of more than thirty-one years, in which period the entire membership in the Board of Managers has been changed.

THE DEVIL ALWAYS PREFERS BUSINESS TO PLEASURE.

We are told upon the authority of the Book of Job, that once when the sons of God came to present themselves before the Lord, Satan came also among them. His audacity is always equal to the occasion. When asked whence he came, he replied in a flippant and free-and-easy way, that he had only "been going to and fro in the earth and walking up and down in it"—had, in short, been on a pleasure excursion. Of course this was a falsehood, for Satan never took, and never takes, any such harmless trips. He never neglects business. He had been on a business journey, had been examining the condition of the crop from the seed previously sown, and sowing fresh seed as opportunity offered. He is still engaged in his old work of "walking up and down the earth," and of getting into the company of the sons of God whenever he has an opportunity as the other crowd do not seem to need his special attention.

Sometimes he steals into a pastor's study and tries his hand there. More frequently he is found in the prayer-meeting, where under the cover of pious talks he often succeeds in doing a great deal of mischief. Again he is found in other church meetings, giving bad counsel when any good work is projected or in progress. His most efficient work is, however, done privately and with individuals. He always puts on a pious disguise, professing the best motives for his malignant work. This disguise is not always easily discovered. It drops off as soon as we begin to study our Bibles, and honestly pray for light.

MARRIED.

HERBERT-AVERY.—At the residence of the brides father in San Jose, by Rev. N. B. Avery, Mr. William M. Herbert, of San Diego, to Miss Genevieve C. Avery, daughter of the officiating minister.

Mr. Spurgeon is fifty-five, Dr. Joseph Parker fifty-nine, Newman Hall seventy-two, Dr. Farrar fifty-eight, Dr. Storrs sixty-eight, Dr. John Hall and Dr. William M. Taylor each in his sixtieth year, Dr. Alexander MacLaren sixty-three, Dr. Talmage fifty-six, Dr. Phillips Brooks, fifty-four, Dr. Kittredge fifty-five and Mr. Moody fifty-two.

Book Table.

SONGS OF PRAISE. Edited by Louis Ward Mudge, Princeton, just published by A. S. Barnes, Chicago, has been carefully prepared for general prayer meetings, young peoples' associations, Christian Endeavor societies, small church congregations. "Songs of Praise" has 503 hymns, 325 tunes, 21 doxologies, and admirable indexes, complete in every particular. The book is very attractive. The publishers send copies for examination to pastors, committees, etc.

ROCK COVE SERIES—Gladys Philbrick. How She was Made Great. By the author of "The Gillettes" "Win and Wear," etc. 204 pp., 16 mo. Robert Carter & Bros., New York; Geo. C. McConnell, 735 Market street, San Francisco.

This is the story of a little girl who was sent from Florida to New England to be educated and took her dog Ponto with her. Their joint adventures will interest the children and teach them how to govern a hasty temper.

HOW TO BUILD A HOUSE. We have just received from the publisher a neat, new book, with the above title, containing plans and specifications for twenty-five houses of all sizes, from two rooms up; also engravings showing the appearance of houses built from the plans given.

In addition, it has valuable information of permanent and practical value on subjects relative to building and building contracts, that cannot fail to be of value to those who intend to build, and it will be sent to any address on receipt of 25 cents, by J. S. Ogilvie, the publisher, 57 Rose street, New York.

A catalogue of the contents of the *Magazine of American History* for March reveals its great value and current interest. In its unique and rare illustrations it surpasses even itself. The leading article describes the historic homes and landmarks about the Battery and Bowling Green, New York city, exhibiting some curious and striking contrasts between the heroic past and the prosperous present. The second article, "America: the World's Puzzle in Geography," is a study by the eminent scholar, Rev. William Barrows, D.D., worthy of careful perusal. President James C. Welles, of the Columbian University, Washington, D. C., replies to General Wilcox in a very able and comprehensive article on "The Mecklenburg Declaration of Independence." The well-known author, J. G. Rosengarten, contributes a strikingly readable paper on "Du Pont De Nemours." General Alfred E. Lee discourses upon "German family and Social Life" in a clever and entertaining manner. Mr. Maturin L. Delageld writes of Colonel Henry Beekman Livingstone, and Annie E. Wilson, gives an authoritative paper entitled a "Thrilling Adventure of a Kentucky Pioneer." The several minor departments are admirably filled. Price, \$5 a year. 743 Broadway, New York City.

The American Tribune.

The Soldier's Family Paper. Every soldier should be a reader of this paper. It will keep you posted on all new laws on *Pension matters*, and is full of good War Stories, written by soldiers, containing valuable War History. The paper is published to advance the interest of soldiers. Published every week. Price One Dollar per Year. Sample copy sent free. Address **THE AMERICAN TRIBUNE**, The Soldier's Family Paper, Indianapolis, Ind.

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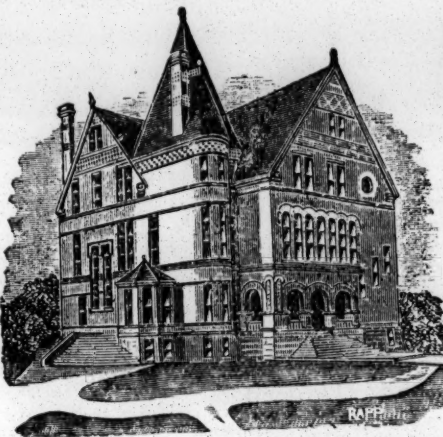
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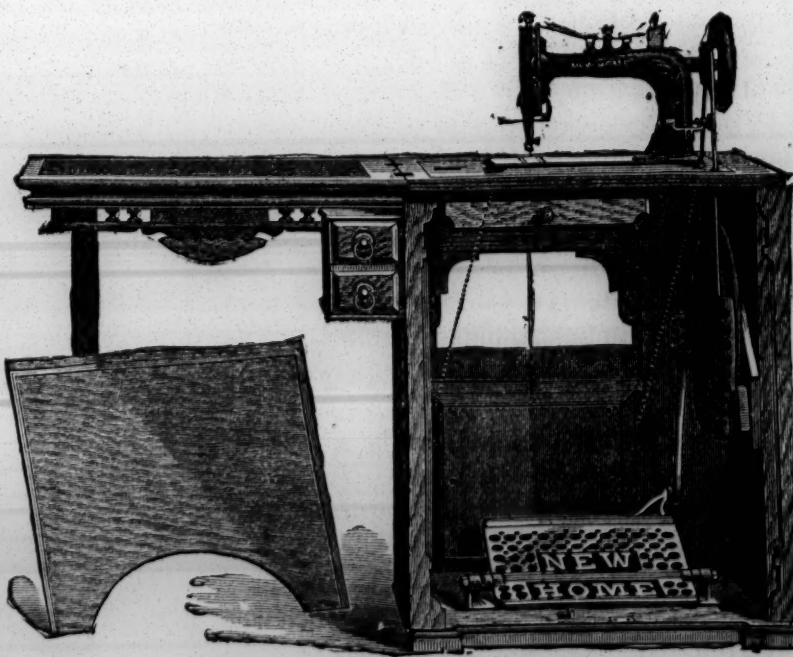
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ANNUAL MEETING.

All persons wishing to attend the annual meeting of the Occidental Board, to be held at Los Angeles on the 3d and 4th of April next, can obtain certificates by applying to Mrs. J. R. Dickey, 712 Leavenworth St., San Francisco.

These certificates must be presented to the ticket agent of the Southern Pacific Company from whom a ticket is purchased to Los Angeles at regular rates. Receipt therefor will be given by said agent.

It will be necessary to have the certificates endorsed at Los Angeles by the Secretary of the Board, after which, on presentation to the agent of the Southern Pacific Company, a return ticket will be furnished at one-third regular rate. In the case of San Francisco and Sacramento this will be \$5.00. \$15.00 being paid for the outward trip, will make a round-trip rate of \$20.00.

It is desired that all parties wishing to attend this meeting make known the fact to Mrs. Dickey on or before the 25th instant, it being the day of the last meeting of the Occidental board for this year, to be held at 933 Sacramento street, morning and afternoon.

These rates are intended for those who purpose attending the annual meeting, but not necessarily as delegates.

Those going from San Francisco will take the morning train of April 1st, leaving at 8:30. Those from other points will take trains connecting with that train.

By order of the Committee.

VERNACULAR LANGUAGES AND LITERATURE OF MEXICO.

The Methodist Episcopal mission has just published the gospel of Luke in the pure Mexican language. It is an experimental edition. Dr. J. T. Gracey has contributed an interesting article in the *Missionary Review*, from which we make some extracts. He says: the Mexi-

cans, not Spaniards, rule Mexico today. Mexicans are not only the governing race in Mexico now, but are likely to be such for a long time in the future. The hope of progressive civilization is linked up with them.

Nobody would expect progress and modern ideas political, social or religious, as represented by Protestantism, to be enhanced by displacing the native, for Spanish rule. Juarez had not a drop of Spanish blood in his veins. Diaz, the present Chief Executive of the Republic, is nearly a full blooded Mexican. These native Mexicans dislike, some say "cordially hate" the Spanish language, which was forced upon them by their conquerors as politically their national language. The bulk of the native races are prejudiced against acquiring it, and exhibit toward it the most open hostility, and among themselves do not speak it, nor do they teach it to their children.

Although the old Spaniards forced their language with their civilization on the natives of Mexico, they were shrewd enough themselves carefully to study the native languages, compile grammars, lexicons, easy reading books and catechisms, from which the priests could orally teach the people in their own tongue in which they were born. It is said that they published the first book ever printed in the new world, in 1539, and that was in the Mexican language, and for purposes of religious instruction to the natives. Since then other books for the same purpose have been printed in the tongue of the Aztec Indians, and in the Mexican or Nahuatl, the Otomi, and Maya. The Nahuatl, or pure Mexican, is probably spoken by three millions of people—possibly more. To give the gospel therefore to the people speaking this language in their own vernacular, is to give the written gospel to a population ten times as great as the total Indian population of the United States and territories, including Alaska!

There is perhaps, one may affirm with safety, more liability of English displacing Spanish in Mexico, than there is of Spanish displacing these Mexican vernaculars among the native races. Not more than one-sixth of the total population of the country is European, including Spaniards. It may be a fair question whether the short cut to the native population is, after all, through the Spanish language. Perhaps it may be through these vernaculars,—perhaps through the English language.

Ideal Undertaking Parlors.

We have often heard it remarked that in the matter of undertaking establishments, San Francisco was not up to the highest standard of a metropolis, lacking in this respect the quiet elegance, the refinement, and absence of gruesome associations to be found only in the really few first-class places in the east. But this reproach will have to be withdrawn since the opening of the elegant undertaking parlors of Wm. T. Hamilton on the southwest corner of Stockton and Geary streets. Through the kind-

ness of Mr. Hamilton we were shown through the rooms which, in all their appointments were the counterpart of a rich and beautiful home. The stately hall, leading through a curtained doorway, shows the visitor spacious and beautiful double parlors where the eye rests with pleasure on the harmonious blending of tints, the stained glass windows, the frescoed ceiling and the soft Moquette carpet underneath. Here the ideal is attained; every accessory lends its aid to soothe the feelings, and not a single suggestion to shock the most tender sensibilities. A costly silk chenille portiere divides the suite, and at one end stands a beautiful organ, while a richly bound Bible rests on a reading desk. These parlors can be turned into

A MORTUARY CHAPEL

on occasion, and will comfortably seat one hundred persons. When we reflect upon the number of persons over whose remains the last sad rites cannot for obvious reasons be performed in church, the great need of this beautiful and appropriate chapel will be apparent. Here will be found ample arrangements for whatever the religious needs of the mourners may require, or deem fitting to be done at such a time. Passing up a wide stairway, covered with the yielding and costly Moquette, the front room is reached where caskets are shown. Here is a casket which of itself is an artistic gem. It is covered with broad cloth draped at the sides in classic design. The interior is of polished copper and glass and is a marvel of workmanship. On this floor are also the embalming room, the refrigerator room, the proprietor's apartments, and those of his employees. Mr. Hamilton is well known as having conducted a successful business in Oakland for fourteen years, being re-elected several times as coroner of that city. His skill in embalming has extended beyond the boundaries of the State, having received high encomiums from all parts of the country. We were permitted to read two letters from the Secretary of the Funeral Directors' Association of the United States, in which the remarkable preservation of bodies embalmed by Mr. Hamilton was commented on in terms of professional admiration, and an inquiry made as to the fluid used to give such a natural appearance to the features of the deceased. Mr. Hamilton stated to us that the fluid was a preparation of his own. We cannot doubt that Mr. Hamilton will meet with the success that his magnificent enterprise deserves.

Why is it that some people, with other wise a reputation for sound judgment, will continue paying \$5.00 or more for cabinet photos, when it is so evident even to the casual observer, that the pictures made by W. J. Williams & Co., and at a price that all can reach, viz: \$2.50 a dozen. 914 Market Street is the number, and it will pay you to notice and compare before acting.

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.27 1/2 c.	100	100	1300	29,000
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News of the Churches

CALVARY CHURCH, S. F.—Rev. Dr. Stratton, President of Mills College preached last Sabbath. His text in the evening was, "Thy will be done on earth as it is in heaven."

FIRST U. P. CHURCH, San Francisco.—Pastor Gibson has received forty-four new members since the Moody meetings. About thirty have been added also to the Second U. P. church of which Bro. Stewart is pastor.

LEBANON, S. F.—This church is rejoicing over the fact that its new building is entirely paid for. Mr. Alexander Montgomery's donation of one thousand dollars to pay off the last sum so stimulated the members, congregation, and friends of this church that this work has been accomplished. The whole amount of the indebtedness provided for as above was \$2,000. The value of the church and lot is fully \$6,000.

WOODBIDGE CHURCH, S. F.—The Rev. T. J. Curtis delivered a lecture on "The Sabbath and Sabbath Desecration" Sabbath evening. He said:

Let it be borne in mind that the Sabbath is for the son and daughter as well as father and mother, for the employed as well as the employer, for the beast as well as owner, and for the stranger that is within thy gates. Like the sunshine and the air, the Sabbath is intended for all, and good for all alike. Who will dare rob any of God's gifts? He is a hypocrite who goes to church while his employees are Sabbathless. What possible justification is there for keeping thousands of men and women toiling in our kitchens and places of public resort and amusement, and on our steamboats and railways, and horse-car and cab lines, and for keeping armies of horses drudging in harness all through the Sabbath for the sake of the convenience and bodily enjoyment of feasters, carousers and pleasure-seekers? Some of these human toilers might, if they chose, avoid Sunday work; but most of them have the miserable alternative of either working seven days a week or not at all in that employ. "But," you say, "thousands of people could not get to church were the cars and ferry-boats to cease running." No, and how the railway and steamer men sneer when they see a hymn-book in one hand and a Sunday fare in the other. Why do not these church people go to some place of worship nearer home?

HOWARD CHURCH, S. F., LAST SABBATH.—Rev. M. N. Cornelius, pastor of Howard Presbyterian church, commenced a course of lectures on "Home Life." The first one of the series was delivered to parents. The following brief report we find in one of the daily papers.

As an introduction the reverend speaker remarked: "The home dominates the land, for as the homes are, so are the laws. A man can long for no more important position than to be the head of a family; a woman can wish for no wider sphere than that which is encompassed by the four walls of her home. The child is the father of the man. The first ten years of his existence dictates the balance of his life. All philosophy and ethics teach us that the child is forming its character under ten years of age, and even under five. Thus we are molding the character of the little one that is running about our feet."

He then announced his text as being taken from Proverbs, xxii:6—"Train up a child in the way he should go, and when he is old he will not depart from it." "Train up" has a military ring about it," continued the preacher. "Go into a military school, and you will find that the pupils there are thoroughly disciplined and drilled. There is nothing haphazard there, but the pupil is constantly trained until he is fit to take his position in the army. Some people train up a child in the way he wants to go. There should be

a unity of effort in training a child. When a father and mother are not in accord in this respect the result will be ruinous to the child. Firmness of purpose should be exhibited. There should be a diversity of methods. You cannot use the same kind of discipline for each member of your family. When a father looks into his boy's face and reads there devilment and mischief, he should remember that his son merely partakes of his own character.

"The disobedient child very often becomes the dissolute man. It is marvelous how many young men live by their wits, and how many young women live without them. Teach your boys to be manly men, and your girls to be womanly women. If I had a son, I would pray the most earnestly that he might never become a dude. Don't punish unnecessarily or unjustly. God never gave man a No. 9 foot with which to kick his son through the house with, for if he had, he would have given the boy a skin like a rhinoceros. God never put ears on a boy for them to be used as handles to lift him up, else he would have made them of rubber."

OAKLAND, CAL.—We clip these paragraphs from the *Enquirer* of Saturday evening:

Rev. E. S. Chapman, D.D., will preach to-morrow morning and evening at the Brooklyn Presbyterian church in East Oakland. There will be a brief after meeting at the close of the evening services. On Tuesday and Wednesday evenings of next week there will be services for the instruction of Christian workers, as a preparation for the special services during the first two weeks of April, when the pastor will be assisted by Mr. Geo. Stebbins, the gospel singer.

At the Second Presbyterian Church the pastor, Rev. H. H. Rice, will preach on the Sabbath at 11 A. M. and 7:30 P. M. The evening sermon will be the first of a series on Bunyan's famous allegory, "The Holy War." Subjects: 1. "The Conquest of Mansoul by Diabolus." 2. "Reign of Diabolus in Mansoul." 3. "Campaign of the four captains." 4. "Victory of Prince Immanuel." 5. "Reign of Immanuel." 6. "Renewed attacks by Diabolus." 7. "Counsel of Immanuel to Mansoul."

OLYMPIA, W. T.—Rev. Dr. W. B. Lee, of the First Presbyterian church of Olympia, W. T., welcomed seven new members to his church at the communion in March inst. Six of these were on confession of faith, and one was baptized.

A constant growth is manifest in this church.

SAN JOSE.—President Hurst of the University of the Pacific preached in the First Presbyterian church last Sabbath morning. His text was, "But ye shall receive power after that the Holy Ghost is come upon you," Acts 1:8. It was a very eloquent presentation of the work and mission of the Holy Spirit.

EUGENE CITY, OREGON.—The first Sabbath of March was a good day for this church. A large congregation sat down at the Lord's Table, and 12 new members covenanted with us, 9 by profession of faith, making in all 35 that have united with us this winter.

Any church laying aside Songs for the Sanctuary for new hymn books may dispose of them by addressing Rev. Geo. A. McKinlay.

NAPA, CAL. March 5th, 1889.—DEAR OCCIDENT: A line concerning church work in Napa may prove of interest to your readers, especially so when it is glad tidings that we bring. As you are already aware the Presbyterian church of this city has for many years been under the pastorate of Rev. Richard Wylie, a man greatly beloved by his people and respected by the whole community. Those who know of his eminent ability and eloquent pulpit ministrations will not be surprised to learn

that his labors have been richly blessed, and that his church, which is the apple of his eye, has been abundantly prospered. And even such of your readers will not be prepared to hear that without any unusual demonstration or extra services, the accessions to our church membership last Sunday numbered thirty. Twenty-one of them were admitted on examination, and nine by letter. The twenty-one included fifteen young ladies and four young men from families living in and near Napa. No more beautiful sight was ever witnessed in our church than when these thirty people encircled the pulpit before an immense congregation and there publicly proclaimed their loyalty to Christ and their determination to follow His teachings.

It served as an inspiration to pulpit and pew, and made more than glad the heart of our superintendent, E. S. Churchill, from whose Sunday school a large proportion of the re-inforcements came.

G. M. F.

SANTA ROSA.—In spite of the inclemency of the weather, many ladies were out yesterday to aid in organizing a Presbyterian Society for Benicia Presbytery. Miss Berry came up from San Francisco, and with her in the chair, the organization was bound to be completed. We were very sorry more ladies of other auxiliaries could not be with us, but correspondence with San Rafael, Napa, St. Helena, Petaluma, and Healdsburg has been most satisfactory, and we feel sure that all the ladies in this Presbytery who are interested in mission work will rejoice with us that this advance step has been taken. We sincerely hope that this organization will be the means of promoting missionary knowledge in our midst and that we shall likewise become somewhat more acquainted with our own workers.

The officers elected for the year beginning April 1st, are:

President—Mrs. C. B. Pitblado, Santa Rosa.

Vice-Presidents—Miss L. Beach, St. Helena; Mrs. Slocum, Healdsburg; Miss E. Kelley, Mendocino; Mrs. R. Wylie, Napa.

Secretary—Miss M. E. Chase, Santa Rosa. Secretary for Mission Bands—Miss A. E. Pratt, Santa Rosa.

Treasurer—Mrs. Barstow, San Rafael. Standing Nominating Committee—Mrs. Morris, San Rafael; Mrs. E. H. Smythe, Santa Rosa; Mrs. S. M. Dodge, Santa Rosa.

Secretary of Home Missions—Mrs. R. McDonald, San Rafael.

Treasurer of Home Missions—Mrs. W. H. Dardin, Petaluma.

March 14, 1889.

LOS GATOS.—Rev. R. C. Moodie preached yesterday in behalf of colleges and academies, and a collection was taken for their aid, but the weather was very unfavorable, and a large part of the ordinary congregation were unable to hear the excellent sermon of their pastor. His text was short, "Because ye belong to Christ," Mark 9:41. Having enlarged upon and enforced the radical thought of the text that the value of all acts of Christian benevolence is measured by their relation to Christ and his interests and kingdom, he applied the truth to the work of our church through its various Boards. He said he had often feared lest in representing the work which we are attempting in various ways to do, he had failed to make it appear that it was really done for Christ. The agency by which we co-operate with others comes in and obscures the real object for which we are working. It is very hard to see through a board. When we talk of giving to the Boards of the Church one with mind given to other things may say, what have these boards to do with me, or I with them? A little thought will make such questions give way to views more worthy of Christ's followers.

He then glanced at the work of these Boards, showing that it is the strong helping

the weak in Christ's name and for his sake. He enlarged specially in illustrating this upon aiding infant colleges and academies in the newer States and territories, showing how indispensable it is until these institutions shall have passed from infancy to maturer development, and how little in their behalf is asked from others compared with what their founders have themselves done for them.

March 11, 1889.

SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA ITEMS.

THE MOODY MEETINGS.

Heavy rains and muddy streets have interfered somewhat with the attendance at the services during the week. Sunday evening, when the weather was good, the rush was so great that the doors of the pavilion had to be closed. Four thousand people listened to Mr. Moody, while an overflow meeting was held in an adjoining church. Again, on Thursday night the large building was filled to its utmost capacity. Thursday morning the evangelist addressed 2,200 people at the Tabernacle in Pasadena. The continued storm kept him from coming out, as arranged to preach on three successive days. This evening he is expected to be present at the opening of our Union Mission in Los Angeles. For the Sabbath four gatherings are announced in which he is to speak; one of them is "for non-church-goers."

Christians are revived and strengthened. Many others express a desire to lead a new life, and in the inquiry room there are cases of deep interest.

Coming from the meetings you hear people speak of the spiritual power of the evangelist, his marvelous facility in opening up Scripture truth, in bringing a man face to face with his own sins, etc., all of which may be summed up in this, "The Lord is with him." A professional gentleman, now near "the valley of the shadow," told me last night that years ago he gave his heart to God when attending the meetings held by Mr. Moody in Philadelphia. With equal gratitude many will remember the visit of the latter to Southern California.

At Santa Barbara last week the pavilion, holding 1,200 people, was crowded during Mr. Moody's short stay there. Morning meetings were held in the Presbyterian church which proved too small for the purpose. A breakfast was given at the Arlington, in honor of the evangelist. The pastors of the city were present, and some from Ventura, Montecito, Carpinteria and Goleta, also the Rev. Messrs. Chichester and Condit of Los Angeles.

PASADENA.

At the dedication of the Calvary church last Sabbath, the building was crowded, many standing up during the entire service. The Rev. Mr. Russell gave us an admirable sermon, and the following ministers took some part in the exercises: Messrs. Bresse and Bunker, Methodist; Messrs. Dinsmore, Stewart, Crawford, Thomson and Merwin. Dr. McCalla, the pastor, announced that the cost of ground and edifice was about \$6,500 and that no debt rests upon the church. A collection, amounting to nearly \$60, was taken to provide hymn books. The congregation desires to place on record their gratitude to large donors previously mentioned, and also to the oldest member of the church, Mrs. A. T. Thomson, who has donated a handsome communion service, pulpit chair, table and carpet for the platform, besides contributing most generously to the building fund.

The pulpit of the First church was supplied last Sabbath by the Rev. Henry Miller, of Chicago. He has returned to his family in San Diego. Rev. Dr. Weller, of Occidental University, will preach next Sabbath. The Ladies' Missionary Society of that church reports a larger amount raised this year than last, notwithstanding "the hard times." The following officers were elected for the ensuing year: President, Mrs. Maxfield;

Vice President, Mrs. H. Hill and Mrs. Knight; Secretary, Mrs. Hyde; Treasurer, Mrs. Crawford. A short service "in memoriam" of Miss Rankin was held.

Six persons recently united in a communion service at the house of a Mexican, at the request of an aged woman, now near the heavenly gates and until recently a Roman Catholic. In the midst of the service, as she sat, supported by another, she exclaimed in Spanish, "How beautiful! The Lord with me and I in Him."

BELMONT.

Thanks to the special efforts of the W. C. T. U., the Post Office in that town is now closed on the Sabbath, except from 12 to 1 p. m. At the recent annual meeting, congregational, of the Presbyterian church the following trustees were elected: Messrs. Mott, Paxton, Caruthers, McCoy and P. E. Compton. The Ladies' Missionary Society of the same church, raised the sum of \$150 this year for home and foreign missions. Mrs. Dr. Compton and Mrs. Kennedy were chosen delegates to the meeting of the Presbyterian Society, at Los Angeles, April 2d.

HERE AND THERE.

The pulpit of Immanuel church, Los Angeles, is being supplied during the pastor's absence by the Rev. Messrs. Reed, Weller, and Flint. Dr. Chichester was prevailed upon to preach one Sabbath at Ventura; our church there is still without a pastor.

Our Episcopal brethren forwarded, some months ago, a petition signed by 500 persons, to their bishop. It had reference to a Diocesan Convention. Many are aggrieved because no notice whatever has been taken of the petition, and complaints are finding their way into the secular papers. Even Episcopacy has its difficulties.

Mrs. Livermore, of "woman's rights" fame, is now at the Raymond, and has promised to lecture in Pasadena next week on "A Dream of Tomorrow."

The Rev. Dr. Marks is supplying the pulpit of the Presbyterian church in Ontario.

A. M. M.

South Pasadena, Cal. Mar. 16, '89

OUR PORTLAND LETTER.

DEAR OCCIDENT: It is with sincere gratification that the friends of Presbyterianism in the north Pacific Coast have met with so much courtesy from THE OCCIDENT, through its genial representative, Mr. Thompson of San Francisco. By some means our old time acquaintanceship had become estranged so that we knew little of each other, seemed to have separate interests. But upon another introduction by Mr. Thompson, who impressed us with the fact that our interests were common, it seemed to many of us like meeting an old friend with whom former relations were easily restored. Among other things our coast is invited to be regularly represented in your columns in the hope that it will be for our mutual good, and according to the proposed plan it has fallen to my lot to begin this pleasant work.

It occurred to me that your readers would be pleased first to hear from some of our brethren who are the least accessible to newspaper reporters, and, as a consequence, are little heard from. As such let me refer to Rev. J. B. Rideout, formerly of California, but for the past 8 months our missionary in the Coos Bay country. You have heard of the violet which is so modest that it will not look up into the face of the passer-by and whose head is so covered with the tufts of grass that it can scarcely be seen but whose presence is always known by its sweet smelling fragrance. This brother resembles the violet, hidden away as he is in one of the most obscure corners of the Lord's vineyard, where the grass and weeds of infidelity have grown rank and strong, his influence is, more than in anything else, felt through his earnest, consecrated and humble Christian life. He preaches at Empire City and Marshfield,

where many people boast of their infidelity and spiritualism, and even the small children talk it on the street. He is the only preacher in that great country and does his work entirely without charge to the people, paying "house rent, hall rent, hotel bills and traveling expenses" from what he gets from the Board. He does this to disprove their charge that "ministers preach only for money," poor preaching and good begging have done much in hardening these people's hearts and driving them into skepticism." But the truth is that the gospel of Christ is the power of God unto salvation in Coos Bay as elsewhere, as witness the fact that in Marshfield last week a dozen young people publicly asked the prayers of Christian people, and also that a number at Empire City have petitioned for the organization of a Presbyterian church.

There is another destitute region in one of our best counties, that of Ione, of which Eugene is the county seat. In the western part of this county stretching from Eugene City to the Coast, a distance of some 80 miles, and embracing a scope of several thousand square miles, dotted here and there with small villages, our missionary, Rev. Albert Robinson, breaks the bread of life to a hungry and needy people, working out from Sinslow Bay as headquarters. In one of these towns a middle aged man came to him after his sermon, and with tears in his eyes, said, "Come again if you can. This is the best sermon I've heard in twelve years." There is a like appreciation of his work wherever he goes among those spiritually destitute people. Mr. Robinson just began this work this winter and has the whole field to himself. He is the second minister of our denomination in Ione County, and there is ample room for a third who could be located with good results in the eastern part of the county.

Here Rev. Geo. A. McKinlay of Eugene, has been occasionally preaching. That his services are appreciated may be judged from the fact that one man, who gives Mr. McKinlay five dollars every time he visits the neighborhood, said to him a few days ago, that he had "more money than religion and would like to exchange some of the one for the other," promising to assume his entire support if he would come there to live and minister to them. This certainly is a remarkable incident and shows how the neglected portions of our land are crying out for the gospel which alone can satisfy.

Now these fields are only specimens of a great many destitute corners in our glorious land. Its a source of gratification to know that we are doing something to help these needy people, but if only we could say to them all, we will send you the man—but we cannot, for its a rare thing to find men able to pay much towards the support of the gospel which they so much need.

NEW ITEMS.

The following notes will be of interest. At Portland, Calvary church, 19 new members were received on Sabbath, March 3d, all adults but one, and 10 on confession of their faith in Christ. This makes 39 since January 1st, as they have communion every 2 months, and makes a total of 70 for the fiscal year. On the same day there were 14 received into the Albina church. All adults but one, and 8 on confession. At Sellwood, 3 were admitted, 1 being immersed; and at East Portland First, 1 was admitted. Last Sabbath was Home Missionary day at the First church and an even thousand dollars was lifted in support of this work. There is much more to report but lest I trespass on your space it will be reserved till another time.

W. O. FORBES.

Albina, Or.

Rev. Dr. Albert Erdman has just closed the twentieth year of his pastorate in South street church, Morristown, N. J., and has left for an extended tour through Europe and the Holy Land.

RELIGIOUS ITEMS.

Protracted services in church of Deepwater, Mo., have resulted in an addition of 81, 67 on profession.

First church, Macomb, Ill., Rev. J. H. Bratton, pastor, received fifty-four since January 1st.

Rev. A. B. Maxwell, Rome, Ohio, accepts call to North Springfield, Ohio.

The First church, Springfield, O., (Rev. W. T. Falconer, D. D. pastor,) has just closed the week with a delightful communion; 16 additions, 5 of whom were baptized.

The Rev. Benjamin Parsons, for over five years minister of the Presbyterian church in Windham, N. Y., closed his pastorate there on Sabbath, March 3, and with his family proceeds at once to a field of labor in the fine city of Seattle, in the new State of Washington.

In the charge of Rev. Charles B. Taylor, in Ohio, fifty-four members in all have been received—thirty-two at Berea and twenty-two at New Plymouth. Of the entire number forty-five were received on profession of faith.

The Sixth Presbyterian church in Washington City, which is ministered to by Rev. Scott G. Hershey, received twenty-one persons at a late communion.

A Third Presbyterian church has been organized in the great railroad town, Altoona, Pa.

At bi-monthly communion, March 3rd, of First church, Northern Liberties, Philadelphia, Rev. Madison C. Peters, pastor, there were thirty-five accessions by profession.

THE LATE ALEX. R. BALDWIN.

The death of Mr. Alexander R. Baldwin, an old member and Elder of Calvary Church, was very briefly noticed in THE OCCIDENT last week. But his life and example, will merit more extended notice. Mr. Baldwin came here from Newark, N. J., in 1850. He has been a resident of Sacramento and of this City ever since he retired from active business about the year 1866 and devoted himself to real estate, of which he was a large owner. There were few old Californians better known in this city than Mr. Baldwin, and it is but the simplest truth to say that, of them all, not one was more esteemed, or a greater general favorite. And precisely the same statement might be truthfully made of his relation to Calvary Church, as a member and Elder. The basis of this love, respect and esteem, was that Mr. Baldwin was at once one of the most modest and unassuming, and yet one of the most thoroughly whole souled, deeply sympathetic, kind-hearted, and therefore for all these reasons, most lovable of men. He was devoted to Calvary Church and its best interests with a love and sincerity such as many bestow upon their families, but only one in a thousand upon the church to which they belong. He constantly worked for the church and as constantly attended all church meetings. He had the smile of a brother and the hearty hand of a friend for every member, old and young, rich and poor alike. It would be hard to say, in Mr. Baldwin's case, whether faithfulness, true Christian gentleness, or warm-hearted brotherly kindness most preponderated in his nature. He frequently led the Friday evening prayer meeting, and he gave to it an earnestness and spirituality that was most notable and helpful. Mr. Baldwin's loss will be long and painfully felt among his business friends, but it will be deplored by his brethren of the Presbyterian church, both in and out of Calvary. It is not pretended that his place can be supplied in the special gifts and graces that adorned his well-rounded and most gentle and lovable character. The deep sympathy of all church members has been extended to Mr. Baldwin's bereaved family.

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Fulton St., N. side bet. Buchanan and Webster; good 2 story for 2 tenants; 4 rooms downstairs and 5 rooms upstairs; rent \$25; lot 25x60; 1 block from McAllister St. Cable cars; \$3,200.

Oak street facing Park; 2 lots; 30x110; \$3,200 each; S. side of Oak st. bet. Baker (where Park begins) and Lyon, street macadamized and sewer; lots on grade; new cable passes and others near.

Faces Park—corner; 31x110; cor. Oak and Lyon sts.; Oak st. front faces park; \$4600, or will sell larger or smaller lot if desired; new cable passes and others near. Oak street macadamized and sewer.

27½x91; Lyon street near Oak; \$2,000; ½ block from park entrance and near 3 cable lines.

Fulton street, N. side near Behanan; -5x87:6 and 1-story cottage and stable; 1 block from McAllister street cars; \$3,100.

From Our Exchanges.

The last contribution of the United States to our cousins over the Atlantic is a *Sunday Herald*, published in London. English journals receive it with something like indignation, and do so with eminent propriety. Here the *Herald* led among the dailies in publishing a Sunday edition, was followed by the *Times*, and then by the other morning newspapers. A generation will show plainly the demoralizing influence of secular reading on the Sabbath. The present generation will feel the restraining power of past instruction and past habits, and will continue to make the Lord's Day more or less a day of rest and worship. But if the Sunday newspaper lives, in the next generation the Sabbath will be disregarded as it never has been in our national history. In England as here, there are people who will buy a Sunday paper.—*Christian Intelligencer*.

The charge is made very often—we may hear it any day, and see it in papers of nearly every variety—that churches have, to a large extent, become religious clubs, and that they do not care for the poor. This is said so often that many persons—they who utter it, and others—get to believe it, and a class of destitute people, having no other reason for doing so, take up the complaint that they are shut away from religious privileges. But the charge is untrue. The Church is giving its best thought to the work of helping those who have most need of it, knowing this to be its duty, and feeling also that thus alone can it hope to have the favor of its great Head. The gospel for the poor, must be its watchword.—*United Presbyterian*.

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An old physician, retired from practice, having had placed in his hands by an East India missionary the formula of a simple vegetable remedy for the speedy and permanent cure of Consumption, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Asthma and all throat and Lung Affections, also a positive and radical cure for Nervous Debility and all Nervous Complaints, after having tested its wonderful curative powers in thousands of cases has felt it his duty to make it known to his suffering fellows. Actuated by this motive and a desire to relieve human suffering, I will send free of charge, to all who desire it, this recipe, in German, French or English, with full directions for preparing and using. Sent by mail by addressing with stamp, naming this paper W. A. NOYES, 149 Power's Block, Rochester, N. Y.

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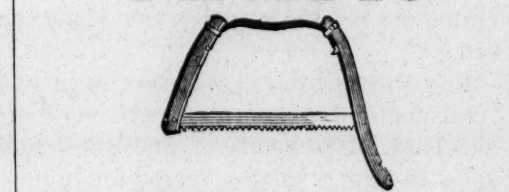
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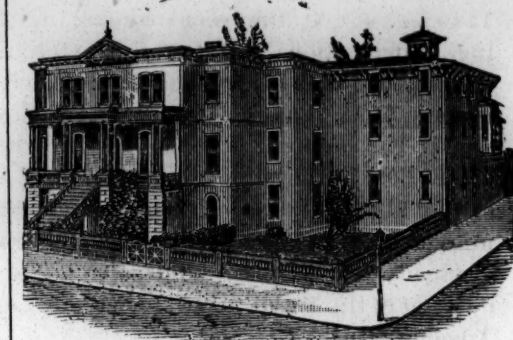
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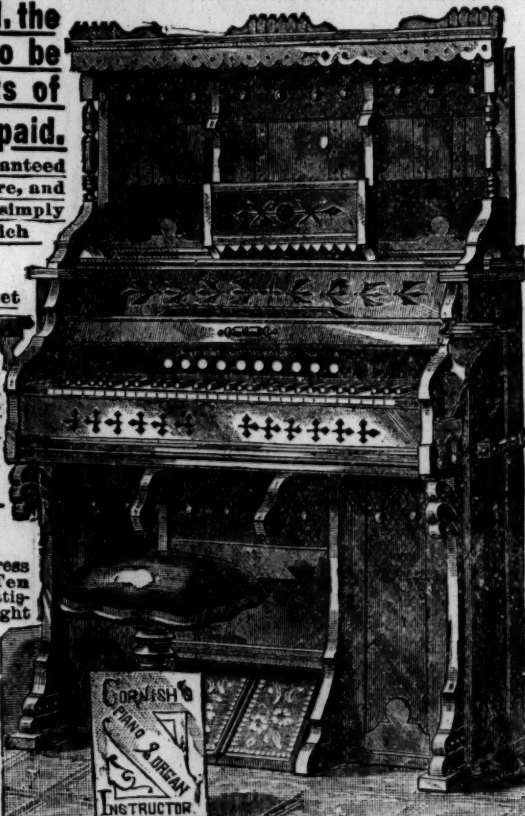
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Central church, St. Paul, Minn., R. F. McLaren, pastor, have raised \$76,039 for the construction of their new edifice, which will cost about \$80,000.

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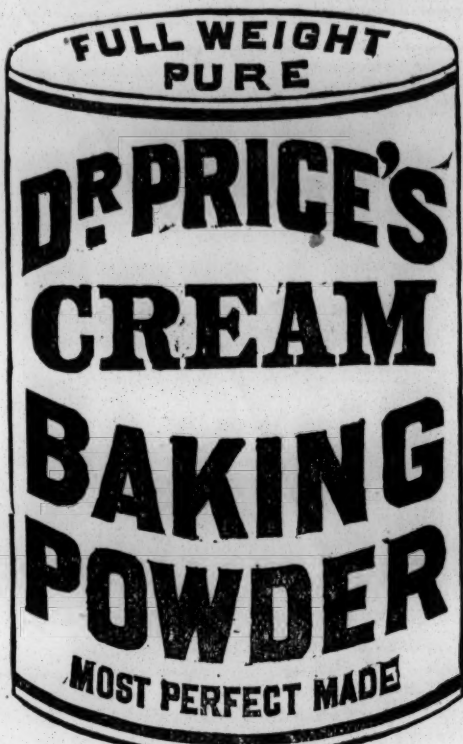
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